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MAD IND

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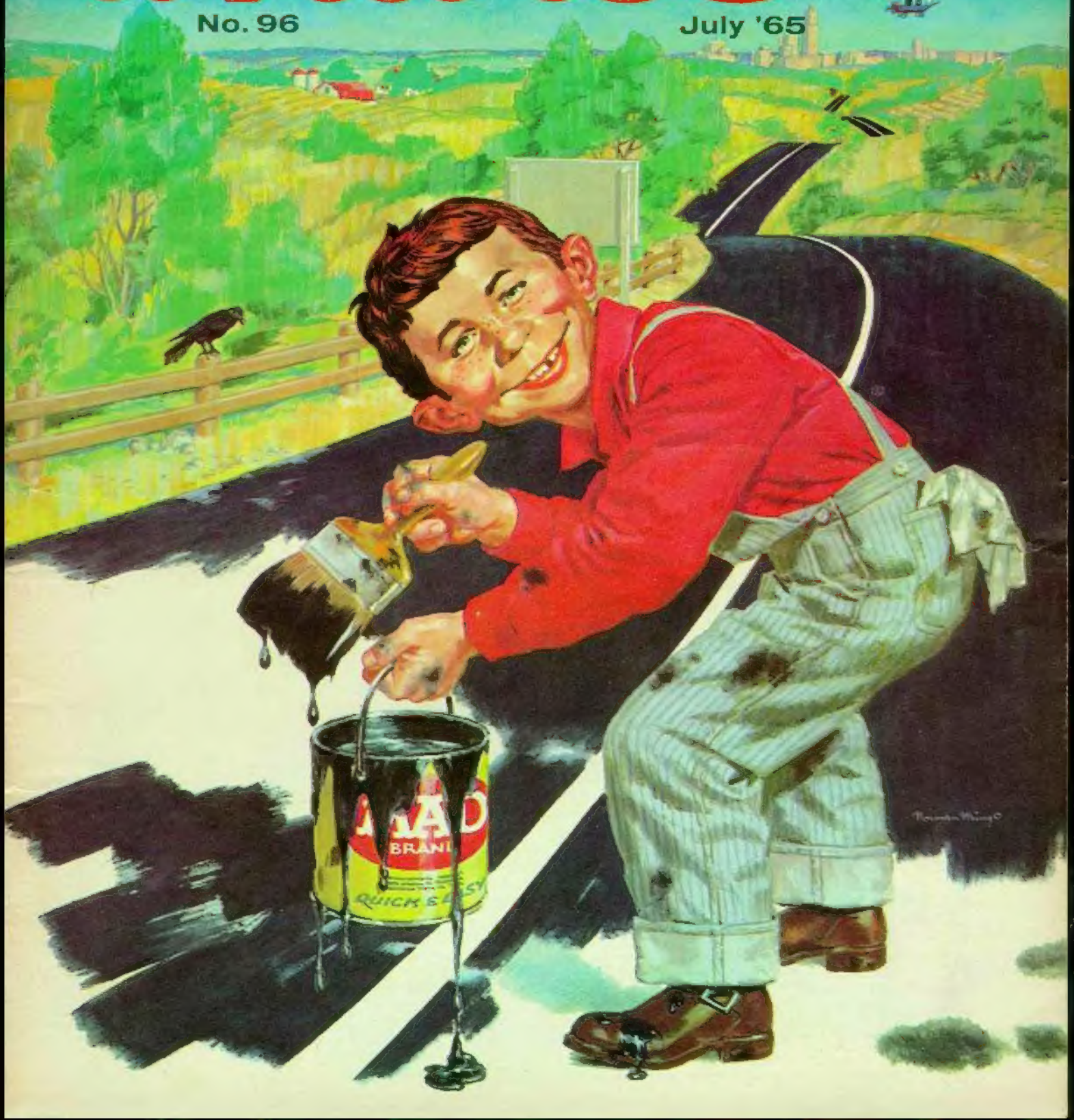
No. 96 July '65



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NUMBER 96 JULY 1965

MAD

"One of the biggest improvements we could make in the American Home is to take the scale out of the bathroom and put it in front of the refrigerator!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—July 1965 Vol. 1, Number 96, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 850 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 8 issues $2.00 or 24 issues $5.00. Outside U.S.A., 8 issues $2.50 or 24 issues $6.25. Allow 6 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyrighted ©1965 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

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WE'VE COME OF AGE!

MAINLY, WE'VE TURNED 21—

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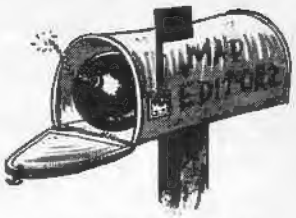
LETTERS DEPT.



JAMES BOMB—007

I have, I am sorry to say, been reading your ridiculous magazine for four years. I have found many stupid articles which were, nevertheless, amusing. But, in your April issue (#94), you had the temerity to satirize the greatest of all fictional characters, James Bond. I hope you get thousands of letters reprimanding you for printing this absurd article.

Andrew Dubrovsky
New York City

"James Bomb—007" was the greatest musical satire you have ever done. Not only were Drucker's drawings unusually good, but Jacobs' musical adaptation of songs from "Oklahoma" were as great as the originals.

Jack Bourque
Florence, Mass.

You came through! Your treatment of Ian Fleming's "character," James Bond, was truly deserved. If MAD had missed the opportunity to do a parody on such a suitable topic, I would have been disappointed.

Frank W. Tushner
Winona, Minn.

Perhaps you are clairvoyant. I just read an announcement that a musical, based on the James Bond books, is going to be written by Sylvia Fine. You sure showed them how it could be done.

Bill Williams
Evanston, Ill.

As a fellow Englishman, I thoroughly enjoyed your marvelous satire on James Bond.

John Tindall
Miami, Fla.

SEASONS' GREETINGS

We love reading MAD! It adds "spice" to our life.

The Four Seasons
On Tour, U.S.A.

PLAYING FAVORITES

When I arrived at their hotel suite to interview Ray and Dave Davies, two of the "Kinks," this is what I saw! Boy, was I *mad!*

Gloria Stavers
Editor-In-Chief
16 Magazine
New York City

MORE MAD E.S.P.?

Are you guys some sort of prophets? Enclosed is a news photo of Ringo Starr and his bride, which appeared in every newspaper across the country on Feb. 11.

It bears a striking resemblance to the photo you envisioned he carries in his wallet (MAD #91). In fact, most of the newspapers carried the same gag line for the caption, mainly: "Find Ringo's New Bride. *Hint: He's on the right.*"

Joan Darcy
Jersey City, N. J.

MARGINAL THINKING

Those little picture-gags you stick in the margins to take up space are funnier than the rest of your magazine!

Ricky Zamarchi
Greenlawn, N. Y.

NEUROTIC MAIL

Thank you so very much for "Neurotic Magazine" in issue #94. It really hit home. Incidentally, I'm not acquainted with the writer, Stan Hart. Who told him so much about me?

Don Z. Block
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I was always under the impression that there already *was* a magazine for Neurotics... namely MAD! However, I really enjoyed the article. In fact, I read it over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and ...

Steve Salo
Burbank, Calif.

DEAR "JOHN" LETTER

Just a note of thanks in grateful appreciation, and a recommendation for MAD. I await each issue eagerly. In fact, it was only their "Alfred" that held my children's interest long enough to accomplish toilet training. As a Pediatrician's wife, this victory was imperative in support of my husband's reputation.

Mrs. Ruth Weimer
Randolph, Mass.

Yeah, but what about our reputation?—Ed.

GOOD TO LAUGH AT ONE'S SELF

Your unique ability to reduce all phases of human endeavor to sparkling satire makes your publication a real milestone in literary achievement. It's good to laugh at one's self. Life is too short to spend in a state of worry or constant anxiety. Perhaps the world would be a better place if Mao and Kosygin would read and heed the philosophy of MAD.

Charles T. Joyner
Chesapeake, Va.

That'll be the day—when Mao and Kosygin can laugh at themselves!—Ed.

THAT ABOUT COVERS IT

I don't expect you to print this, because I know that the last thing you'd want to be called in public is "sentimental," but I want you to know that I think it was nice of you to change the cover on your "MAD Frontier" paperback book from one of Alfie on a rocking chair to one of him on a covered wagon. Not many magazines would go to that much trouble out of respect for the late President Kennedy.

Edith Assaff
Detroit, Michigan

PERSONNA NON GRATA

I've tried (Coo-coo) magazine and (Coo-coo) magazine, but I find that MAD gets me 25 to 30 more kicks per issue. Mainly, when I buy a copy, my Mom kicks me around the house.

Gary Eldridge
Battle Creek, Mich.

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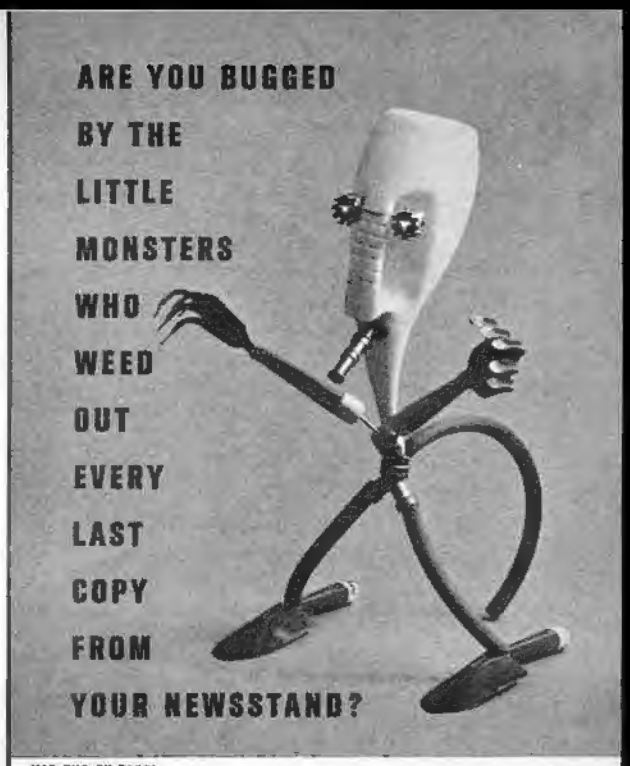
New York, New York 10022



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Okay, *clods*... enough of this *crop!* You have suc-*seeded* in *planting* your suggestion in my *fertile* brain, so I'm throwing in the *trowel* and subscribing! Now, while you'll be getting a *green thumb* from my money, I will probably grow into a *blooming* idiot... and go to *pot!*

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BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

Yep, we're taking this opportunity to give you the business again—by offering full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, at 25¢ each (3 for 50¢). They're suitable for framing or wrapping fish! Mail money to: MAD, Dept. "What—Color?", 850 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INFERIOR DEPT.

Boy, are we sick and tired of manufacturers who keep on bragging about their dubious wares. Mainly, their products are either *"the purest"* or *"the finest"* or *"the best"* or some other such similar falsehood! And besides, what makes these blowhards think that the public always wants

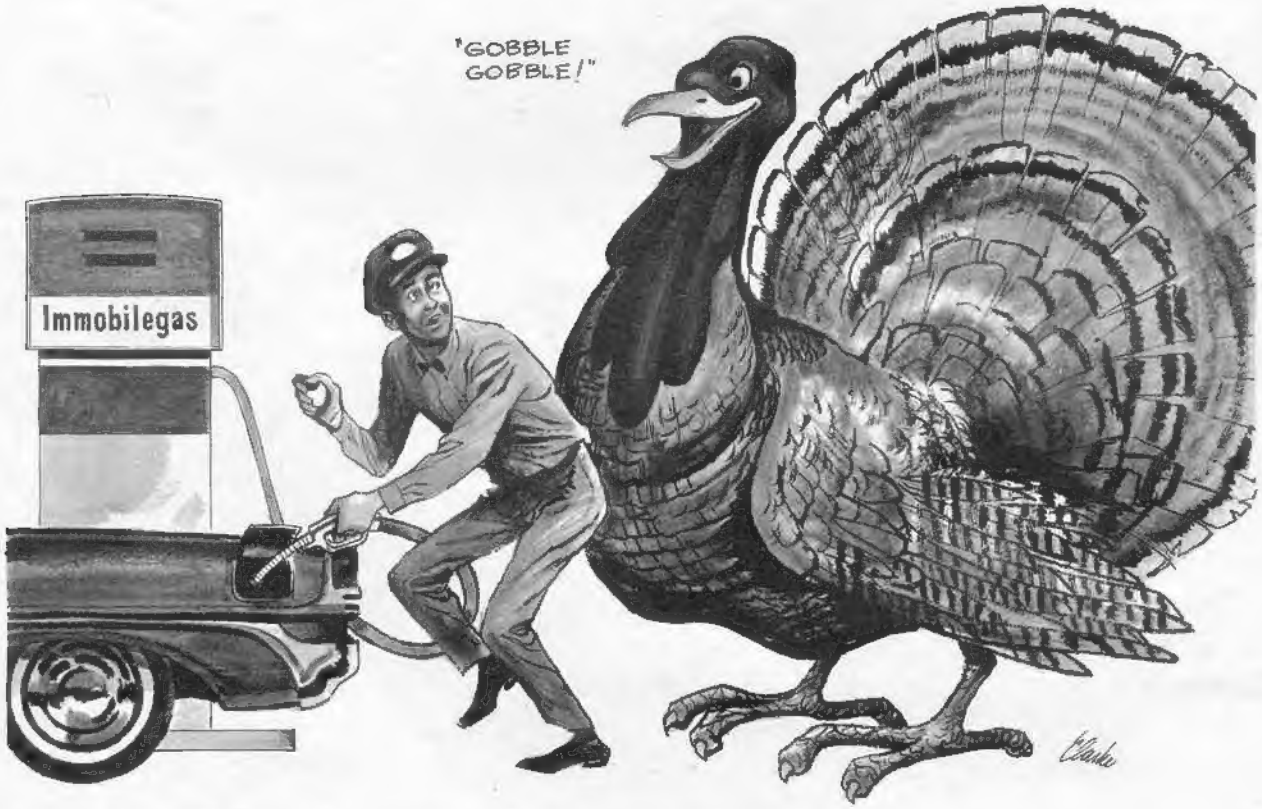
SUBSTANDARD

"You can be *sure* it's che

BORROWING A CAR • RENTING A CAR? • STEALING A CAR?

Then why pay premium (or even regular) prices for gasoline?

PUT A TURKEY IN YOUR TANK!



Why Worry About Piston Ping...Carburetor Cough...Blasts From The Exhaust?

FILL 'ER UP WITH THE WORLD'S CHEAPEST FUEL

IMMOBILEGAS

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A Product of the Petroleum Division of Substandard Brands, Inc.

"Recent tests reveal that 18 out of the 21 ingredients necessary for smooth, carefree car performance are missing from **IMMOBILEGAS!"**

quality? Don't they realize that there's a vast, untapped market in tnis country for out-and-out junk? After exhaustive research, we've discovered that there are lots of times when people merely want to buy the cheapest possible product, regardless of quality. And so, MAD hereby launches . . .

BRANDS, INC.

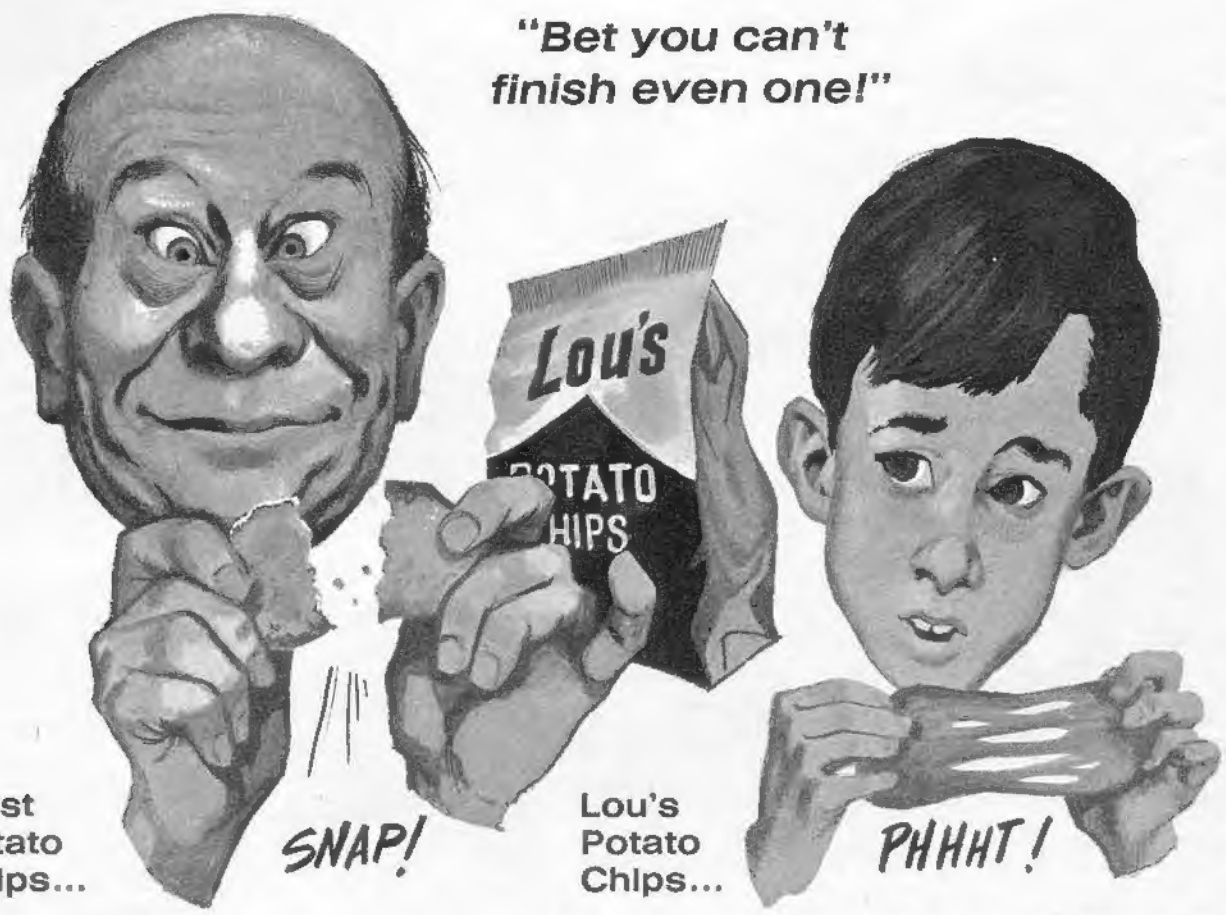
ap...if it's Substandard!"

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITERS:
RONALD AXE & SOL WEINSTEIN

IS YOUR HOUSE THE "COMMUNITY CENTER" OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD? DOES IT OVERFLOW WITH HUNGRY BRATS WHO ROB YOUR CUPBOARD AND YOUR POCKETBOOK, EATING BAG AFTER BAG OF HIGH-PRICED ADDICTIVE POTATO CHIPS? MOTHER—IT'S HIGH TIME THAT YOU SWTCHED TO

LOU'S POTATO CHIPS

"The only chip fried in crude oil—a bagful is a year's supply!"



A Product of Substandard Brands, Inc.

Tired of "Coffee-Clatching" with cackling hens?
Discourage their dropping in! Serve them . . .

CHEESE & SANDBAG Coffee

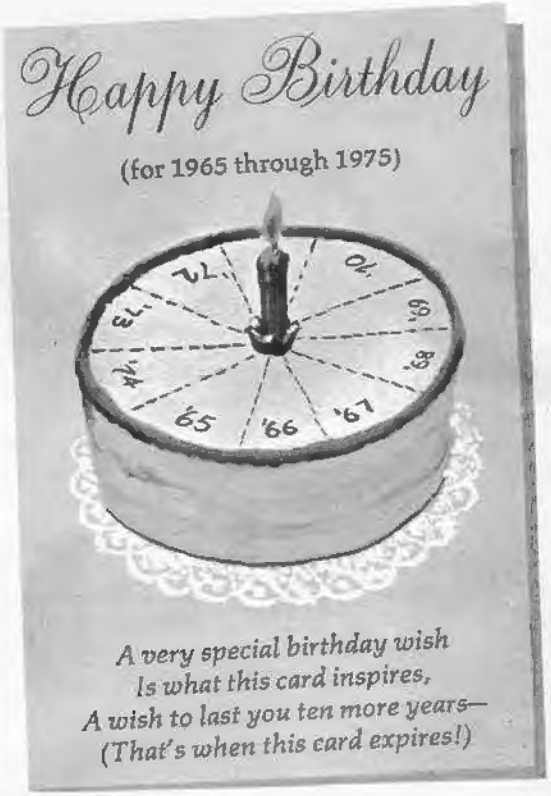
THE COFFEE SERVED AT THE BOWERY FLOPHOUSE HOTEL
"It costs a lot less—because you get a lot less!"

WHAT MR. CHEESE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT COFFEE . . . MR. SANDBAG DIDN'T KNOW EITHER!

A Product of Substandard Brands, Inc.

Do you hate being socially obligated to send greeting cards to all kinds of people who are totally meaningless in your life? Is this an annoying expense? Then you should be sending

SCHLOCKMARK CARDS



When you *don't* care to send the very best —send the very cheapest!

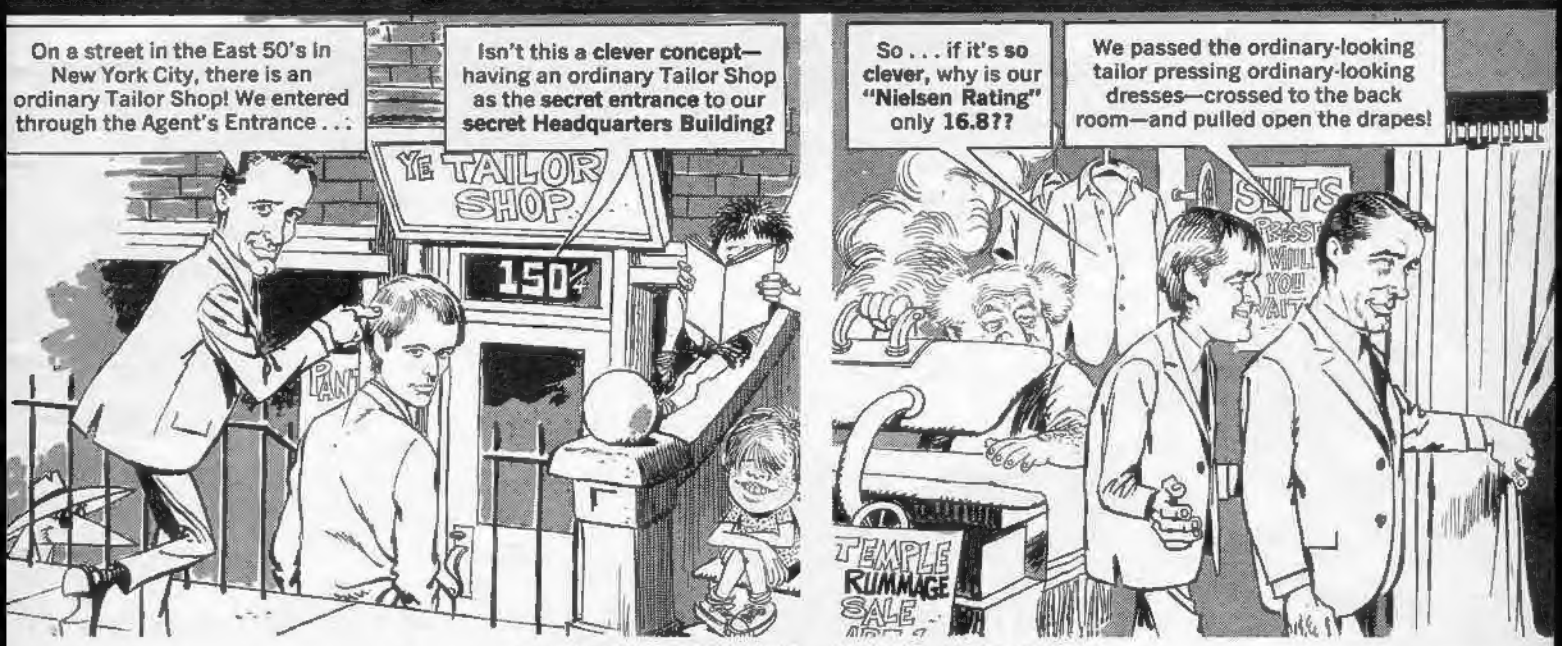
SCHLOCKMARK CARDS

A Division of Substandard Brands, Inc.

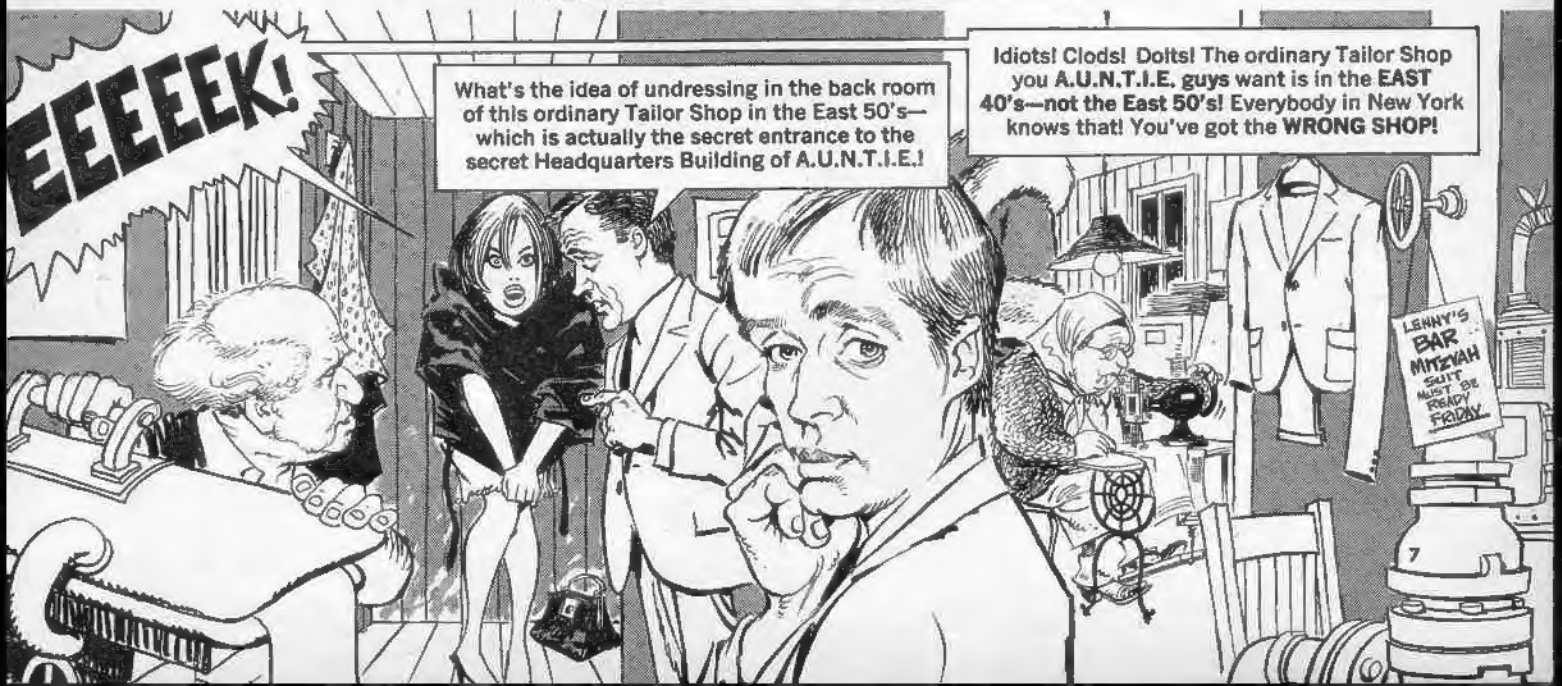
HOLLARIN' UNCLE DEPT.

We've had preposterous "Private Eye" characters in literature (Mickey Spillane's "Mike Hammer")! And we've had preposterous "Secret Agent" characters in movies (Ian Fleming's "James Bond")! But now we've got the most preposterous "Private Eye-Secret Agent" character of them all—on the most preposterous medium of them all—television! We're talking about the guy on the weekly NBC-TV show called

THE MAN FROM A.U.N.T.I.E.



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



Hey, you mashers—get out of here before I call a cop!
Hold it a minute, old man! My name is Napoleon Polo—and this is Illya Nutcrackin! We're Enforcement Agents for A.U.N.T.I.E.—an international organization for preserving law and order all over the civilized world!
So maybe you could help me! Mine partner absconded with all our cash and he's gambling it away in Las Vegas!
Las Vegas!? Are you kidding!? I said "the CIVILIZED world"!
We'd better hurry, Napoleon! They're waiting for us at Headquarters!
Just one second! I'll be right with you!
SMACK
What was that for?
It's in my contract with NBC! On this show, I get to kiss a girl every two minutes!
Wow! What a deal! All that—and money, too!
What money!? I pay them $200 a week! But now let's step out into the street and see what preposterous "tongue-in-cheek" adventure awaits us this week!
YE BARBER SHOP
Boy, what a rough day I had yesterday! I was assigned the 4 P.M. to 12 shift in Asia to put down a riot and plague, and the 12 to 8 A.M. shift in Africa to put down a plot of 40,000 warped Congo scientists to blow up the world!
Stop complaining! I had the "Torture Shift"!
Don't tell me they assigned you to—
Yep! One Hour patrolling a Times Square movie house!
"THE SOUR GRAPES AFFAIR"
ACT ONE—"I Think I'll Cry!"

We've got to be careful, Napoleon! Our hated enemy organization "CRUSH" has agents everywhere! I don't trust anyone! To me everyone looks suspicious! Even that innocent-looking Flower Lady!

Well, since I thrive on adventure, I think I'll take a chance! One carnation, please . . .

CRUSH

FLOWERS by CRUSH

See! what did I tell you!?

Hmmm! Interesting! Not only has "CRUSH" planted a Black Widow Spider, but they've equipped him! If his natural venom doesn't work, he's carrying a poison gas vial in his right foreleg, a small machine gun in his left foreleg, and a pill for committing suicide in case I try to question him in his left rear leg. There's only one thing to do in a situation like this . . .

What's that, Napoleon?

I think I'll cry!

Isn't that clever—how we work the sub-title of the Act into the dialogue!? Meanwhile, we're letting the Flower Lady get away!

Incredible! Simply incredible!

What's incredible? That we keep letting sexy female agents of "CRUSH" get away? That this whole show is completely and unbelievably nuts—and yet it's still on the air?

No! It's incredible that she could leave without once wanting to kiss me!

ACT TWO—"You Really Know How To Hurt A Guy, Don't You!"

I am Illya Nutcrackin —Enforcement Agent, Section 2—expert in "Bomb Detonation"— "Communications" and "Pretending to be Wounded" . . .

Fine, Mr. Nutcrackin! Here's your tag . . .

I'm Napoleon Polo —Enforcement Agent, Section 2—expert in "Tactical Weapons"— "Delivering Dry Humor With Amused Detachment" and "Heavy Kissing" . . .

Fine, Mr. Polo! Here's your kiss!

SMACK!

Hmmm! I can tell from your kiss that you're a Spy from "CRUSH"!

And I can tell from your kiss that you're a Lover from "Hunger"! !

You really know how to hurt a guy, don't you!

Be careful, Napoleon! If she's a spy from "CRUSH," she's probably been assigned to kill you! That kiss may be a trick!

Of course it's a trick! Her lips are tipped with a deadly poison—cynthynide of curare! But I'm way ahead of her, Chief! I'm wearing the "antidote" to cynthynide of course . . .

What's that?

Chapstick!

She's the most treacherous agent they have! She's tried to kill you seven times this month! She's bombed your apartment, dynamited your car, poisoned your pizza, and shot acid in your face with a water pistol! What should we do with her, Napoleon?

What else? Let her go! I'm in love with her!

Men . . . "CRUSH" is trying to gain control of the world by poisoning its food supply! We believe the next three spots they'll strike are: A Super-Market in Yugoslavia, a Fruit Stand in Calcutta, and an Appetizer Store in Brooklyn! They have three advantages: They have weapons, they have strength, and mainly they have better acting ability than we have! Who wants to volunteer?

Me-ME!

No! Take ME!

No, me! I'll be your best friend!

Napoleon! How about you?

How many women in Yugoslavia?

About nine million!

All right! I'll go! It'll kill an evening!

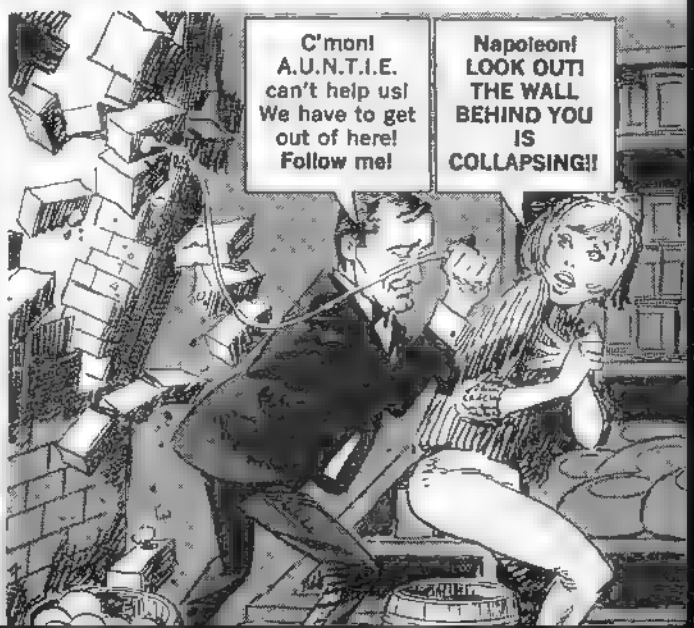
Hey, what about me?! What should I do? Why does he always get the best assignments? I'm just as bad an actor as he is! Why not give me a pressing assignment?

Nutcrackin! For you—I have the most pressing assignment we've ever had! Go over to the machine and have these pressed by 6 o'clock! It's Napoleon's wardrobe—and he has to look slick for this mission!

You really know how to hurt a guy, don't you!

Forget it, Illya! We already used the sub-title in the dialogue!

ACT THREE—"Nice Day If It Don't Rain!"



Was that "CRUSH" who collapsed the wall and trapped us?

No! That was STUPIDITY! I forgot to detach the Pull-Out High-Gain Antenna!

And what is this? Where are we now?

This is the big final "Torture Scene"! They get more incredible with each episode! Tonight, we are slowly being lowered into a giant bowl of oatmeal! According to that clock, we have exactly six minutes before we'll be boiled alive! You know what that means, don't you? I get to kiss you three times before we die!

You're not kissing anyone, Napoleon Polo! I'm releasing the girl and she's coming with me! You're all through kissing—and you're all through hugging—and you're all through making out like crazy on every continent while delivering trite "tongue-in-cheek" dialogue! From now on, another famous Agent is going to get his chance at all the beautiful women and wild, unbelievable adventures . . .

Ah-HA! So you're the man behind this plot! I should have known So you want to cut in on my beautiful women and wild adventures!

Me!? Are you kidding?! Who needs your women and adventures! I have more in one movie than you have in a whole TV season! No, I was merely hired to capture you by the man who's wanted your job for some time! HE's the one who needs women and wild adventures! Hoo-boy, is he frustrated!

All right, Boss! He's ready to be finished off!

Illya! ILLYA NUTCRACKIN!

That's right, Napoleon! And now, I'll be The Man From A.U.N.T.I.E.!

Tell me, Napoleon, before I drop you into the giant bowl of boiling oatmeal—what does A.U.N.T.I.E. stand for . . .?

ASSOCIATION for UNBELIEVABLY NAUSEATING TELEVISION and IDIOTIC ENTERTAINMENT . . . and thank God I'm through with it!

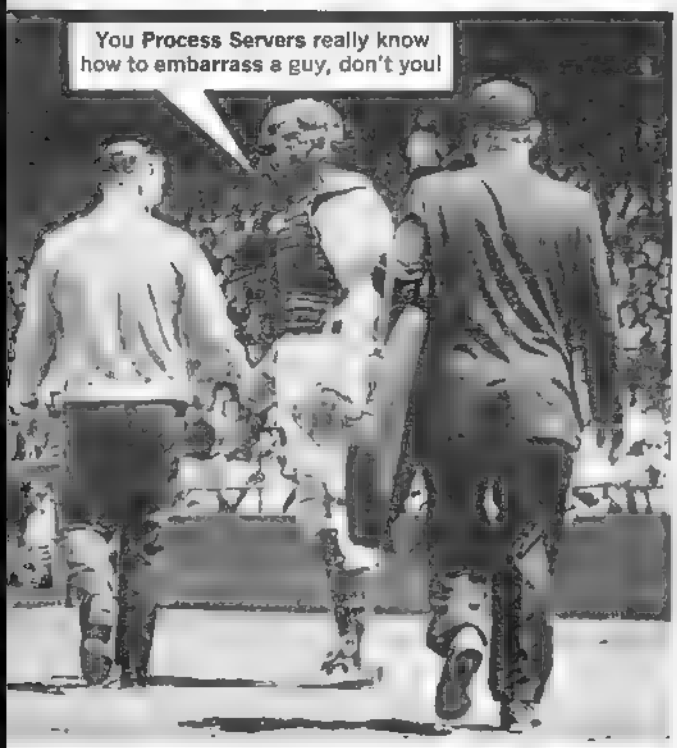
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

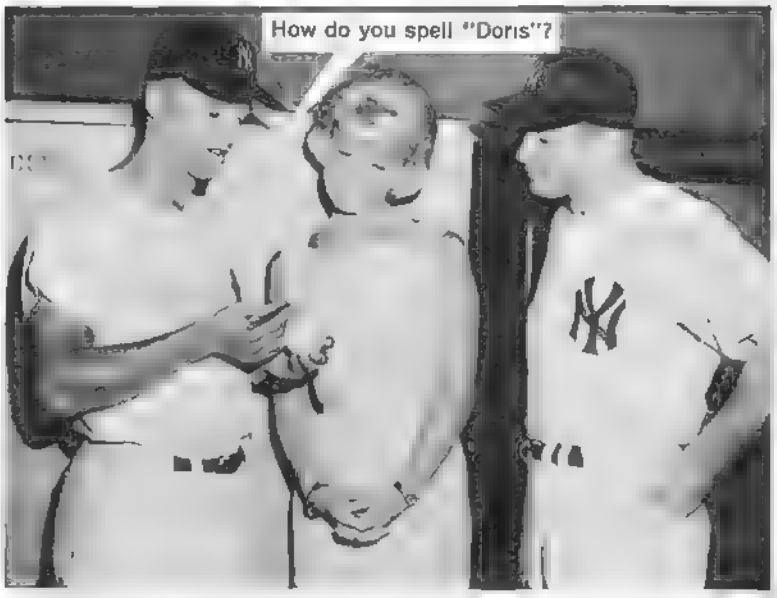
ON THE JOB

OUT OF LEFT FIELD DEPT.

Here we go again with MAD's little game which consists of taking typical action sports shots—like the kind we've been subjected to in newspapers and magazines—and captioning them with appropriate idiotic remarks. Like f'rinstance these.....

BASEBALL FO



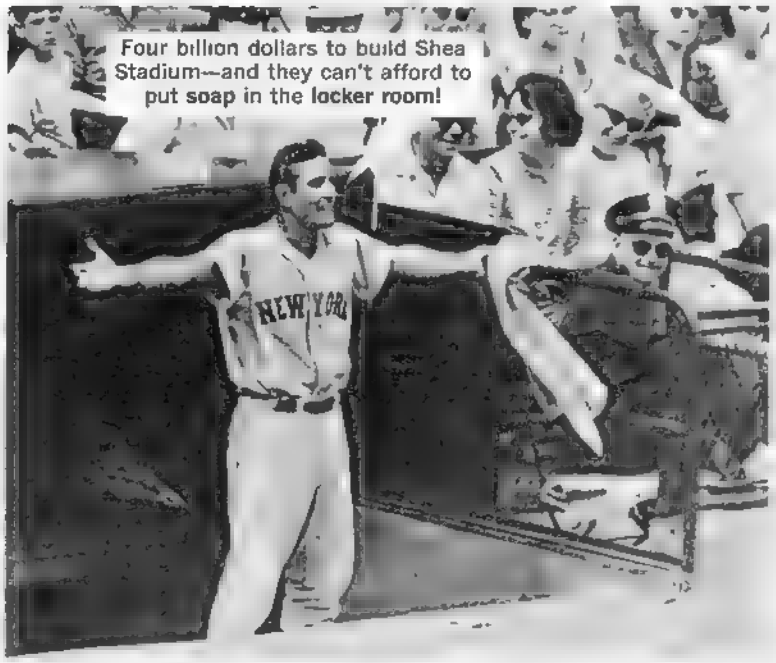


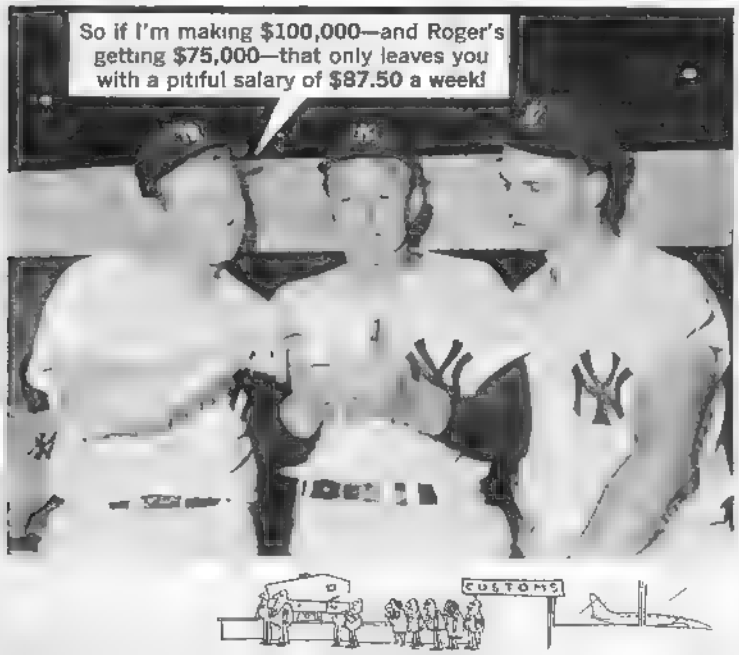
WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

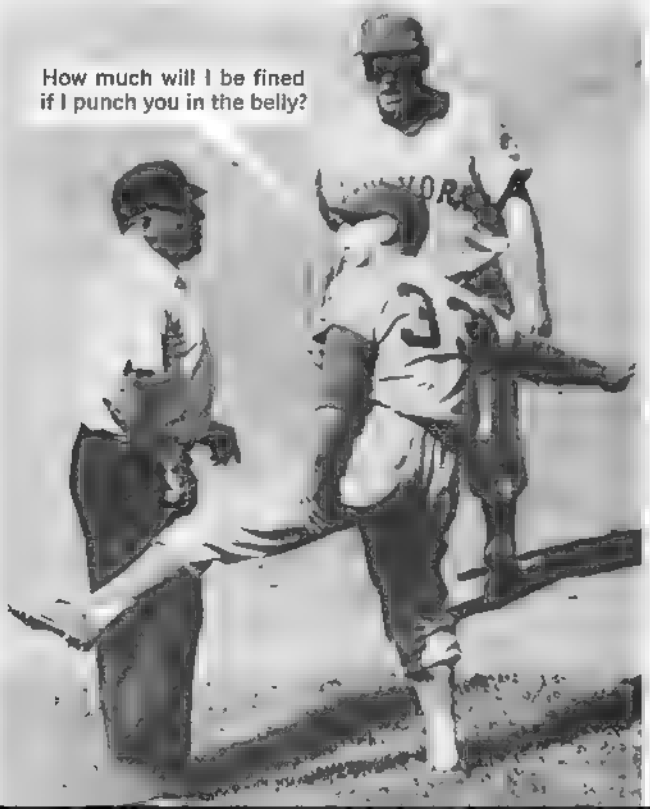
PHOTOS BY WIDE WORLD AND U.P.

TO-PLAYS

Look—normally I wouldn't care who takes it—but I'm the Catcher . . . and you're only the Bat Boy!

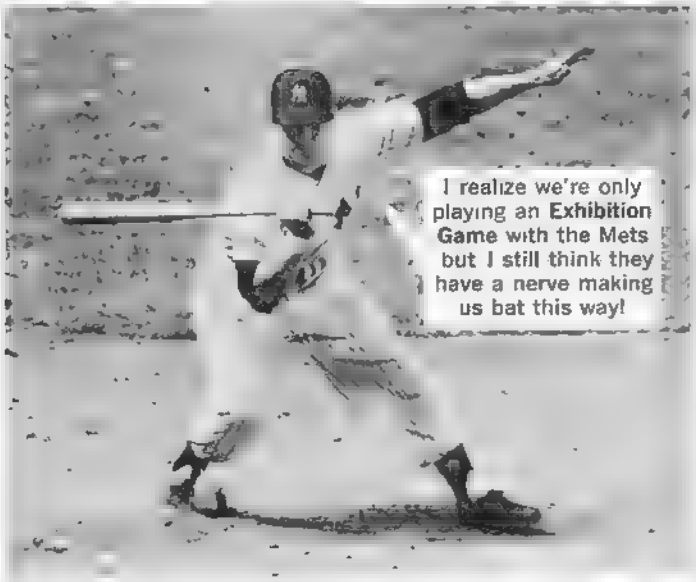

Four billion dollars to build Shea Stadium—and they can't afford to put soap in the locker room!

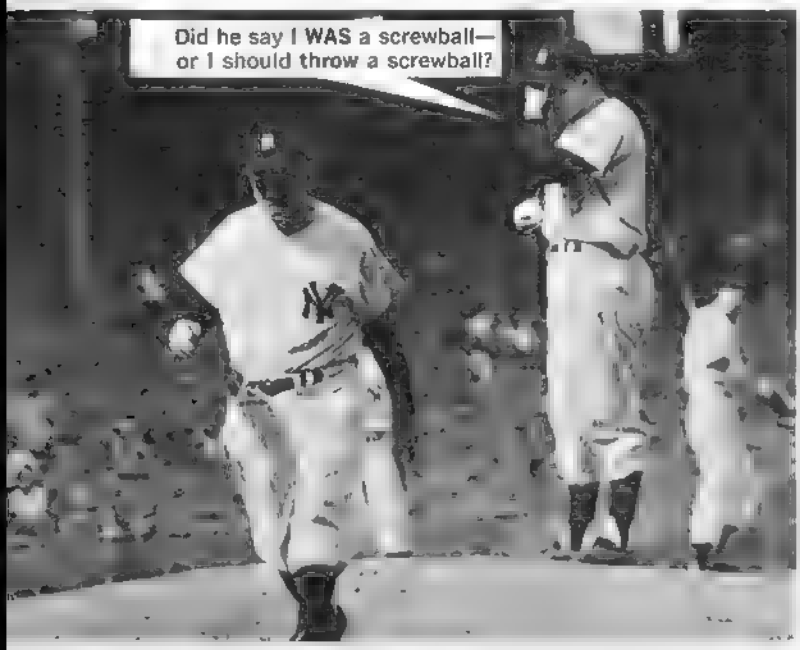

So if I'm making $100,000—and Roger's getting $75,000—that only leaves you with a pitiful salary of $87.50 a week!
CUSTOMS

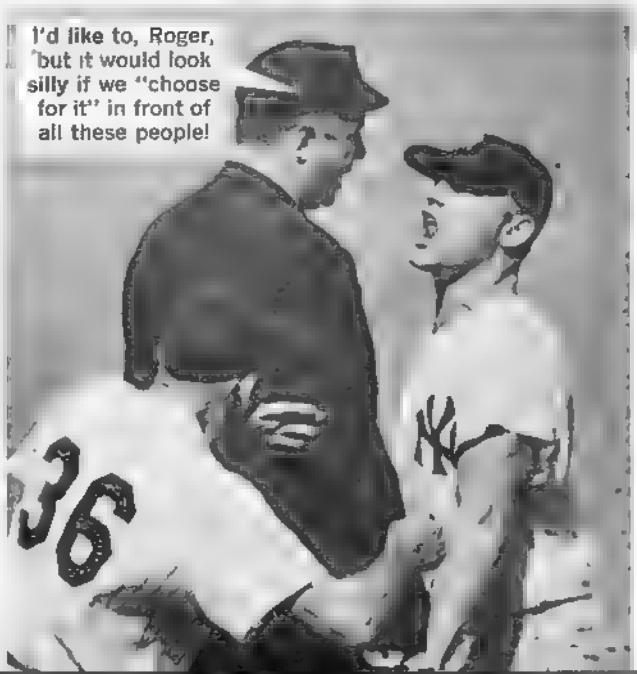

How much will I be fined if I punch you in the belly?

I've seen ridiculous signals before—
but this is going a little too far!

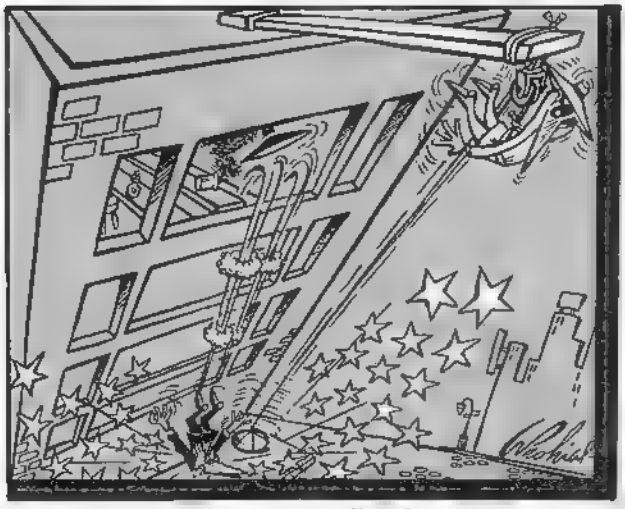
That's the 16th base he's
stolen this season!
NEW YORK


I realize we're only
playing an Exhibition
Game with the Mets
but I still think they
have a nerve making
us bat this way!


Did he say I WAS a screwball—
or I should throw a screwball?


I'd like to, Roger,
but it would look
silly if we "choose
for it" in front of
all these people!
36

SPY
VS
SPY

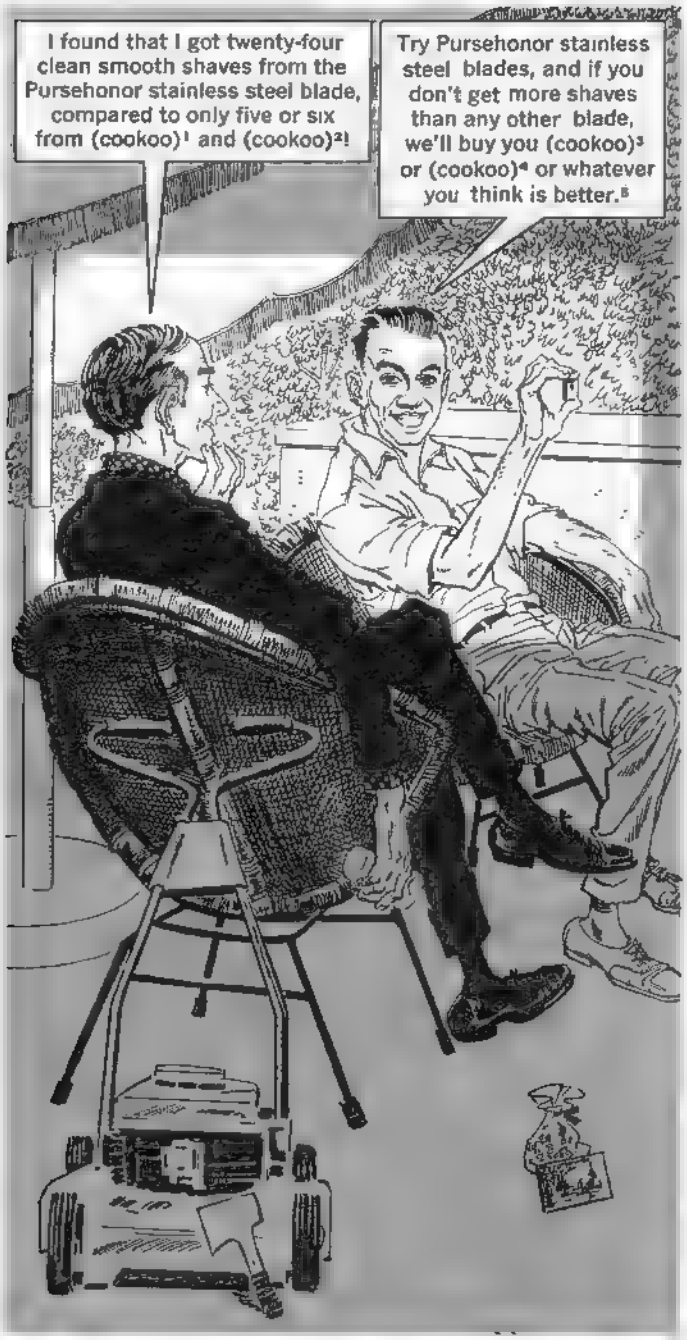


SPONSOR SPEAK WITH FORKED TONGUE DEPT.

Do you listen closely to TV commercials? Of course not! That's what the sponsors and their flunkies at the advertising agencies count on when they plan their messages—that you won't

UNSPOKEN MESSAGES

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO



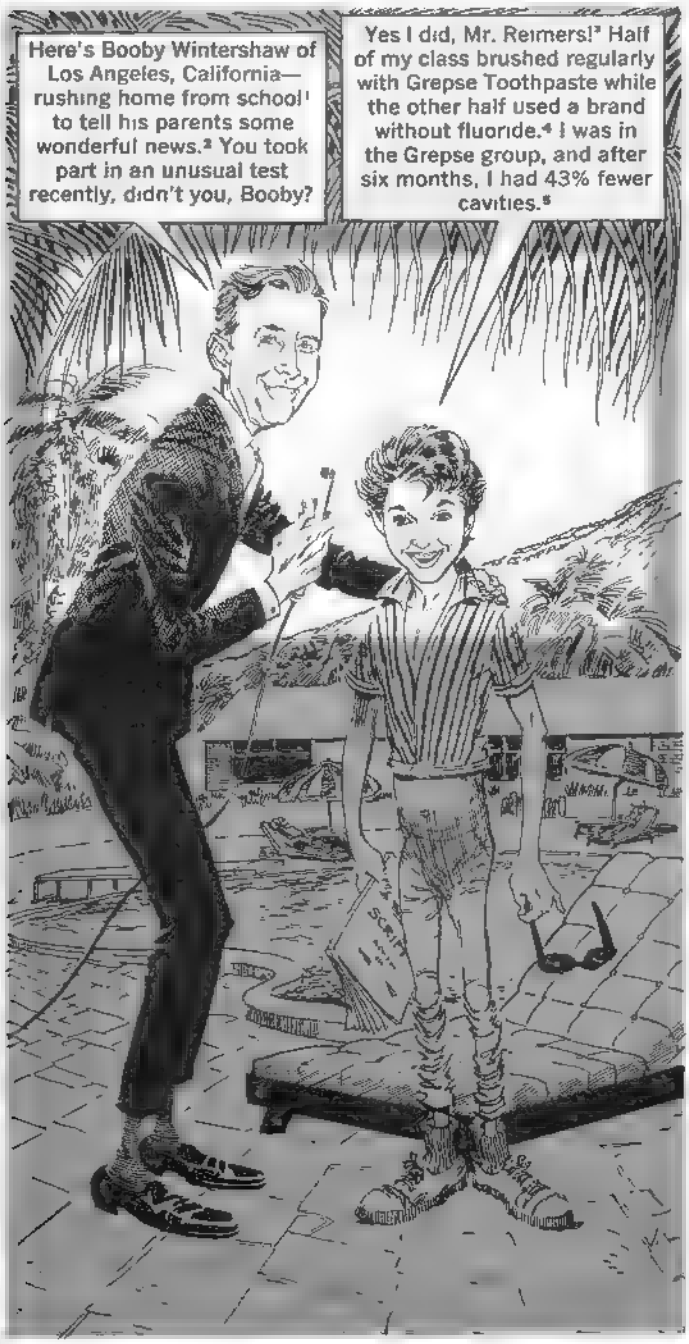
1—My Briggs & Stratton power lawn mower.
2—My oldest son's Boy Scout axe.
3—A picture post-card of Yellowstone Park.
4—A small bag of licorice jelly beans.
5—Just as long as whatever you think is better isn't a competitive stainless steel razor blade.

1—Before he retired as a starting lineman with the Green Bay Packers to take up a career in accounting.
2—Which consisted of beating the stuff with a stick on a flat rock down by the creek behind our house.
3—Including the ones that were supposed to stay Navy Blue.

really be paying attention. Because they fill their sales pitches with cleverly worded phrases and facts that sound like one thing, but actually mean another. Watch now, as MAD exposes . . .

IN TV COMMERCIALS

WRITER: TOM KOCH



1—The Hollywood Training School for Child Actors.
2—He'd receive an A+ in "Product-Testimonial Sincerity".
3—For the usual fee, of course.
4—Or any other normal toothpaste ingredients. In fact, I think it was airplane glue in unmarked tubes.
5—Which is what was expected, since I had 43% fewer teeth.

1—Because if I'd had to stand after seeing how long he talked, my feet would've given out.
2—But I was wrong about that. With the fat commission the Agent collects, I've also looked after his loved ones when he's gone.
3—Plus the help of all the money I could borrow to take out these new policies.
4—If my children ever get flexible enough to be educated.
5—Which would've been nice, except that I had to sell my home to buy the policies to protect the investment I don't have any more.
6—Now the only financial worries I'll have in my retirement years is where to get money to pay my insurance premiums.

OFF BUT STILL "ON" DEPT.

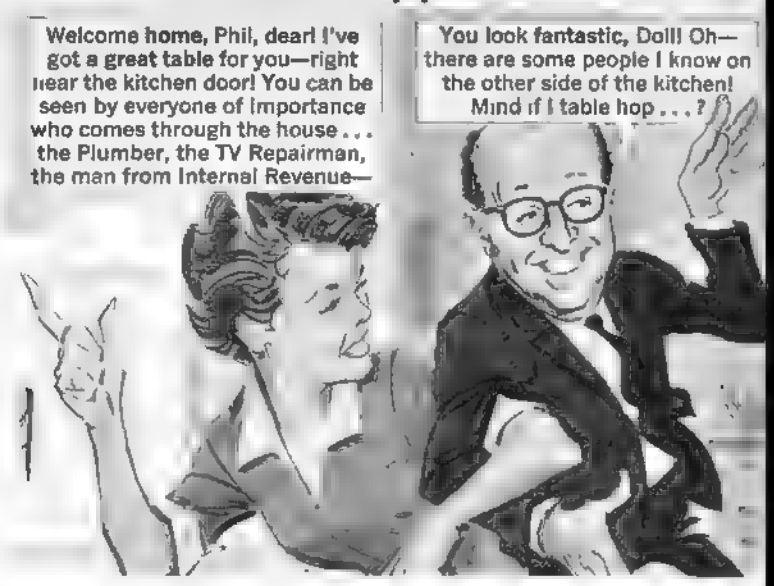
After watching Show Biz Celebrities chatting on TV, after seeing them table hop at fancy restaurants, and after reading those ridiculous things about them in the gossip columns, we started to wonder: Just where does the Unreal Celebrity end, and where does the Real Person begin? And then a horrible thought occurred to us, mainly: What if one doesn't end, and what if one doesn't begin? In other words, what if Celebrities always talk and act the same, whether they're in the spotlight or out of it? Here, then, is how we at MAD picture

SHOW BIZ CELEBRITIES IN ORDINARY LIFE SITUATIONS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

The Guest Garbage Dumper

The Table-Hopper In His Own

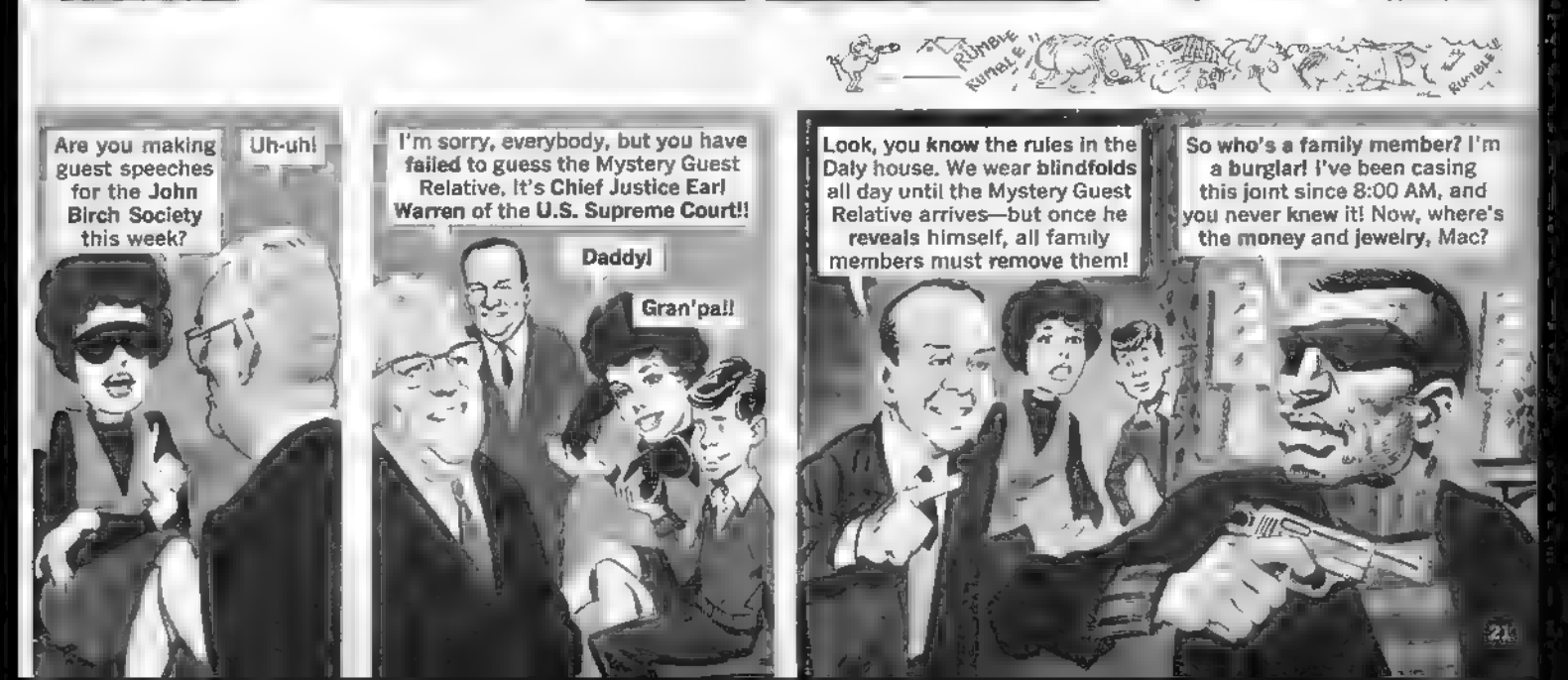


The Mystery Guest Relative

You've got some wonderful garbage in your bag tonight Bing! The egg shells look fabulous, and the melon rinds smell divine!
Well, I'm pretty lucky, Judy! I have some wonderful people helping me make this wonderful garbage! My wonderful wife, Kathy, and my wonderful hungry kids, Harry, Jr., Dennis, Lindsay...
Shall we do a duet, Judy?
Let's, Bing...
Gar-bage... Gar-bage... The meal I ate is now just Gar-bage...
Remember this one, Bing...?
You're the slop! You're a hunk of pickle...!
Hey, Judy, how about this one...?
You and the Night and the Garbage...
And what a
Someday I it up. The can I
SPLASH!
GARBAGE
RICKARD

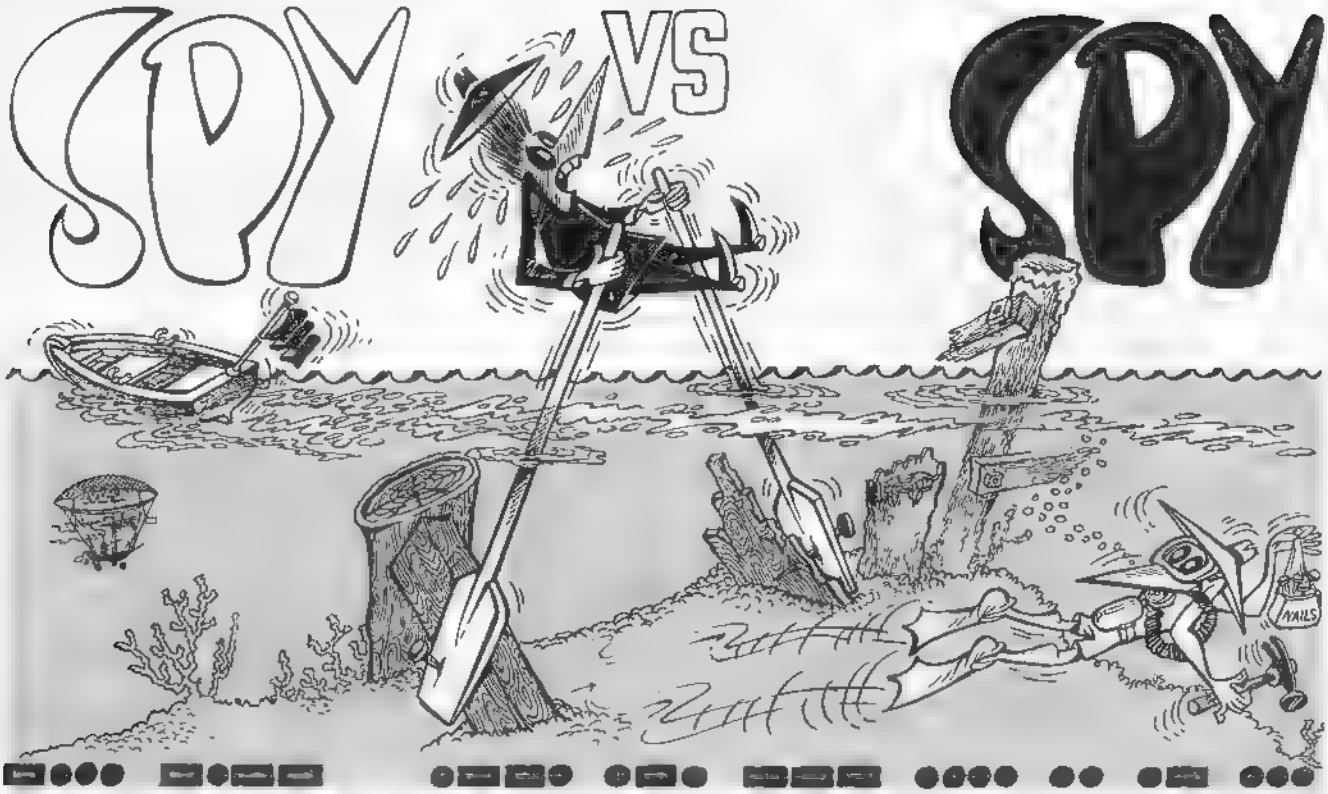
Kitchen

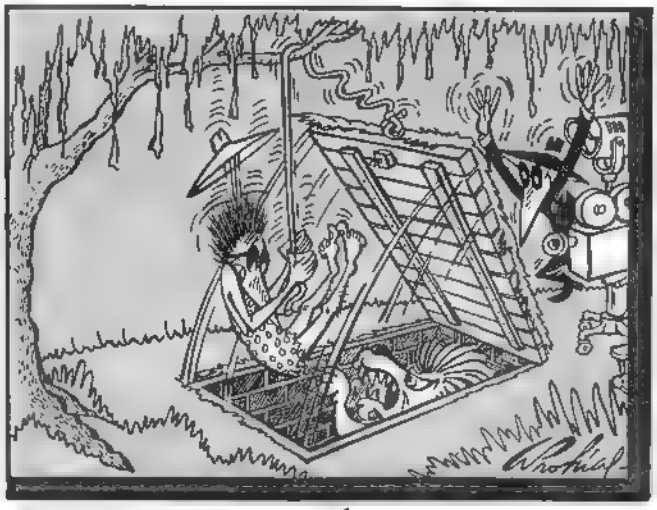
Dad—sweetie! Great seeing you again!
Caught you shaving this morning, Pop, baby! Fabulous strokes!
Try the chicken fricassee tonight, sweetheart! It's beautiful!
Look, everybody, let's see more of each other! Why don't you give me a call? I'm in the book! Oh, there's someone I know in another part of the kitchen! Mind if I table-hop?
Fido, sweetie! You look fantastic!!
Arf, Phil, baby!


RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
Are you making guest speeches for the John Birch Society this week?
Uh-uh!
I'm sorry, everybody, but you have failed to guess the Mystery Guest Relative. It's Chief Justice Earl Warren of the U.S. Supreme Court!!
Daddy!
Gran'pa!!
Look, you know the rules in the Daly house. We wear blindfolds all day until the Mystery Guest Relative arrives—but once he reveals himself, all family members must remove them!
So who's a family member? I'm a burglar! I've been casing this joint since 8:00 AM, and you never knew it! Now, where's the money and jewelry, Mac?

A Medley Of Clichés From A Great Old Aunt

The Beverly Hills Mourners


SPY
VS
SPY
NAILS



PREVIEWS OF DRUMMING-UP ATTRACTIONS DEPT.

With all the supermarkets and discount centers being erected across the country in recent years, competition among these businesses has increased to a point where they have had to resort to some

TODAY'S TYPICAL "SALES

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR.

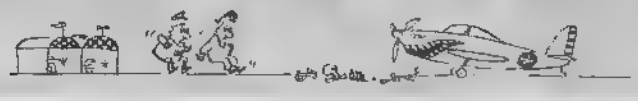
For "Shopping Centers"...

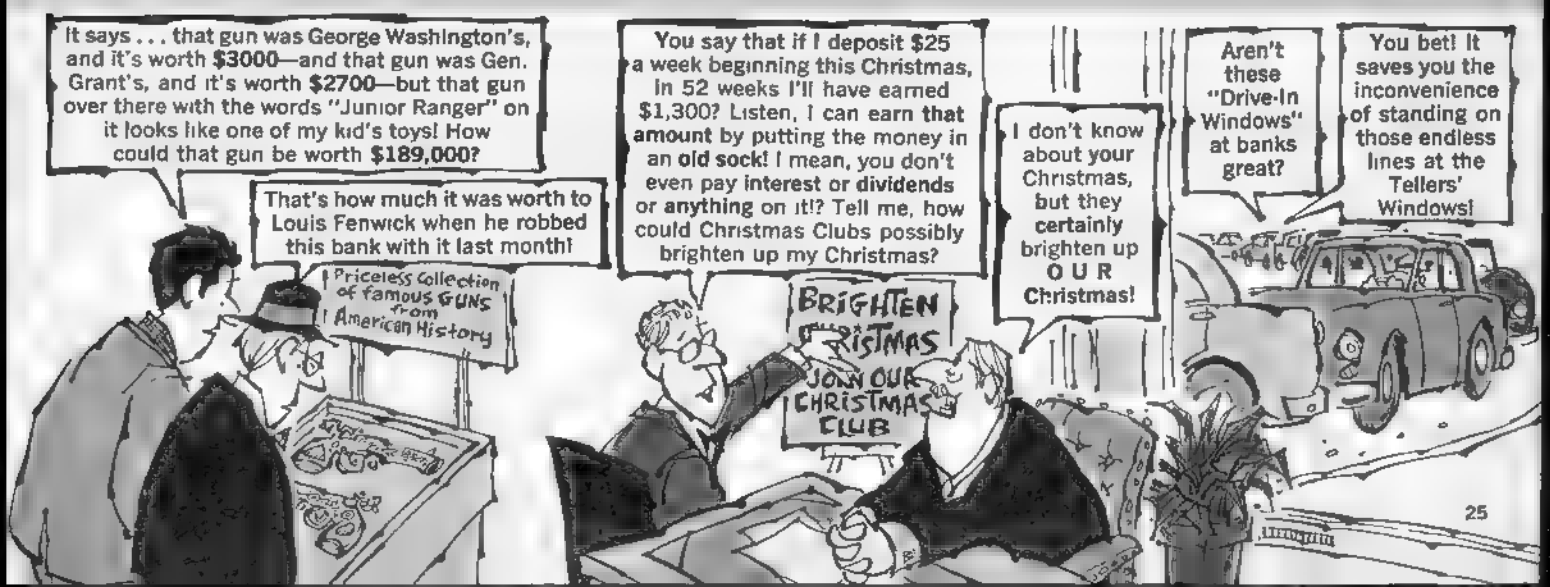
For "Banks"...

extreme measures in order to pull in customers. And now, to make matters worse, even conservative institutions like banks are following in their footsteps. For example, here are only a few of....

& PROMOTIONAL" GIMMICKS

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL





Naturally, it follows that with competition getting rougher and rougher in other fields every day, it's only a matter of time

FUTURE "SALES & PRO
FOR EVEN MORE CONS

For "Hospitals"...

For "Museums"...

before even less likely conservative institutions like banks will start using "Shopping Center" tricks. For example, here are

MOTIONAL" GIMMICKS
ERVATIVE INSTITUTIONS

For "Churches"...

In the Spring, millions of Americans leave the comfort of their homes to rush outside and plow up tons of dirt. This peculiar season ritual is known as "Gardening". This year, in order to help these vast numbers of outdoorsmen rediscover the wonders of crab grass, Japanese beetles, weeds and fertilizer --and also show them what ridiculous idiots they are--we now proudly present the new Nineteen-Sixty-Five Edition of

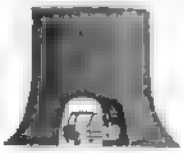
MAD'S SEED & GARDEN CATALOG

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

SEEDS 25¢ Per Pack

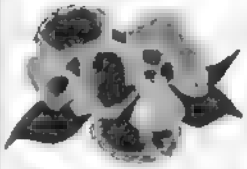
The sale of these seeds in no way expresses or implies any guarantee that something will come up once you've planted them. And try to get your money back if nothing does. We can always cop out by saying that you didn't follow the directions carefully. Some neat racket this is, eh?!

MAD's GIANT REDWOOD TREE Seeds



Plant in warm, moist soil, wait about 750 years or so, and then—stand back!

MAD's PANSY Seeds



Heavens to Betsy, plant all these darling seeds carefully, and for Goodness sakes, be sure and water 'em well, Sweetie!

MAD's CHINESE CABBAGE Seeds

Plant in two rows in late May. Beginning in early August, pick one from row A, then one from row B!

MAD's STEWED TOMATO Seeds

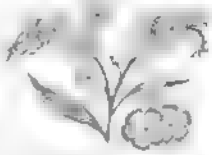
Plant in early Spring and nourish with equal amounts of rye, scotch and bourbon!

MAD's LADY'S-SLIPPER Seeds

Plant in March, letting flowers grow until July for smaller feet; until August for larger feet!

MAD's CRISANTHAMUM CRISANTHEMUM CRUSANTHIMUM-DAISY Seeds

MAD's FORGET-ME-NOT Seeds

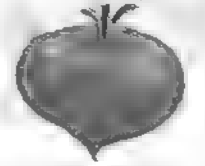


Plant in 8 inches of -er 5 inches of dry er—damp soil in late--er-ear y Darn it! We've forgotten!

MAD's BLACK-EYED SUSAN Seeds

In order for flowers to attain desired appearance, punch each seed with fist real hard before planting!

MAD's PICKLED BEETS Seeds



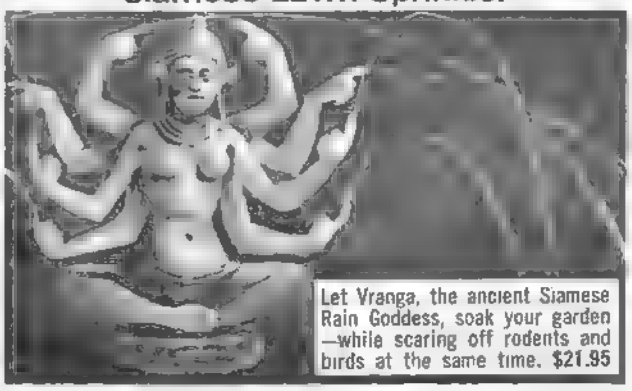
Follow directions for Stewed Tomatoes above

MAD's NIGHT-BLOOMING SPURIOUS Seeds

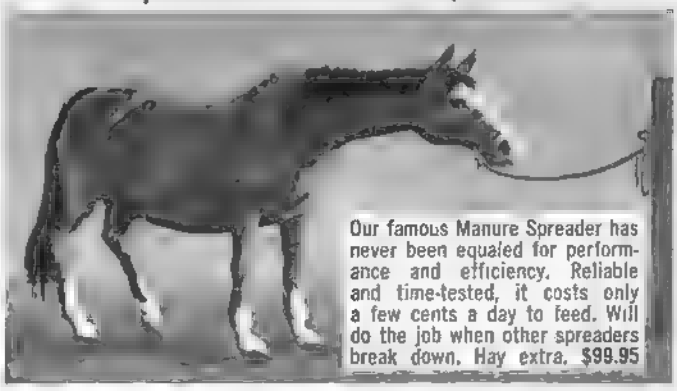
Plant in exactly 3 inches of soil on the morning of May 17. Water every hour. Flower will bloom promptly at 11 47 P.M., August 24, and then immediately die!

GARDEN EQUIPMENT

Siamese Lawn Sprinkler



Dependable Manure Spreader

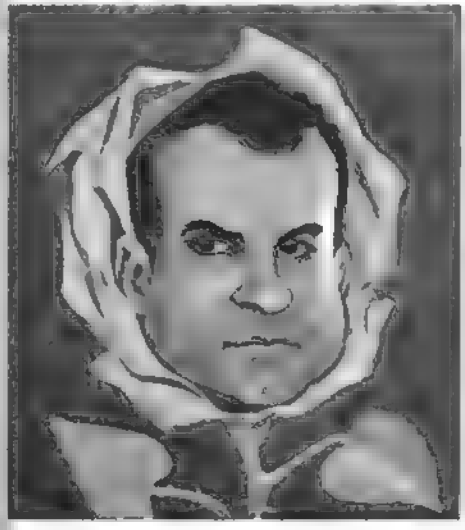


Garden Trowel

Garden Trowel Scraper

GARDEN PROVEN

The Richard Nixon



Though never a Prize-Winner, this hardy variety is always available. It will root anywhere, and change its colors to adapt to new surroundings

The Mao-Tse Tung

This rapid-growing yellow hybrid is almost guaranteed to increase its size until it dominates your entire garden. The plant must be pruned often, or it will encroach on borders of other flowers.

The Dean Martin

This cheerful variety requires a great deal of liquid nourishment. It usually has a mellow look, and performs best when it is potted.

GARDEN EQUIPMENT

Decoy Ants

Ant trouble? Our plastic Decoy Ants are so incredibly lovely curvacious and sexy that they are guaranteed to lure all the red-blooded real ants from any flower bed. **$5.95 per dozen**

Exploding Plants And Shrubs

Each authentic-looking plant is wired to small dynamite charge that explodes when the plant is touched. Perfect for ridding a garden of unwanted pests — like rabbits and children. **$7.50 ea.**

Garden Trowel Scraper-Knife

Removes all dirt caked on your Garden Trowel Scraper. **$2.0**

Garden Trowel Scraper-Knife Trowel

Picks up all dirt you spilled from using the others. **$3.95**

HYBRID ROSES

$4.95
SIX FOR $34.95

The Jayne Mansfield

This unusually robust variety develops attractive blossoms noted for their remarkable size.

The Robert Kennedy

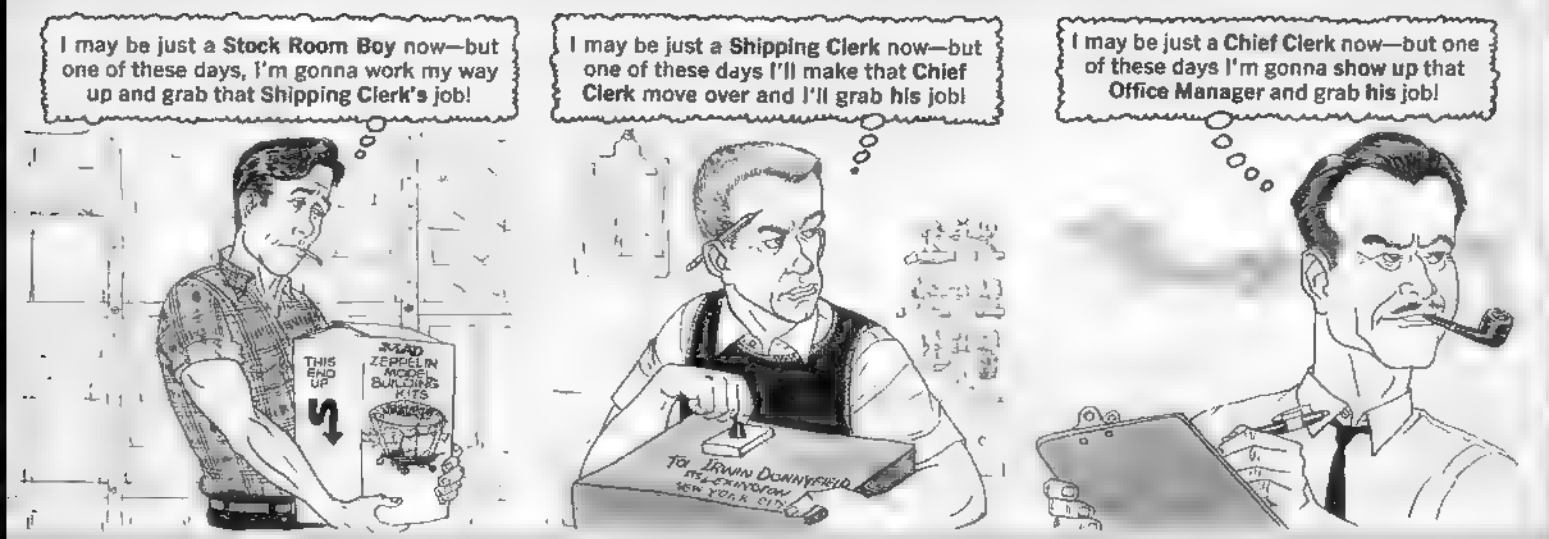
Because it is easily transplanted, this variety will grow in any location. However, once it has established roots, it may prove very difficult to remove.

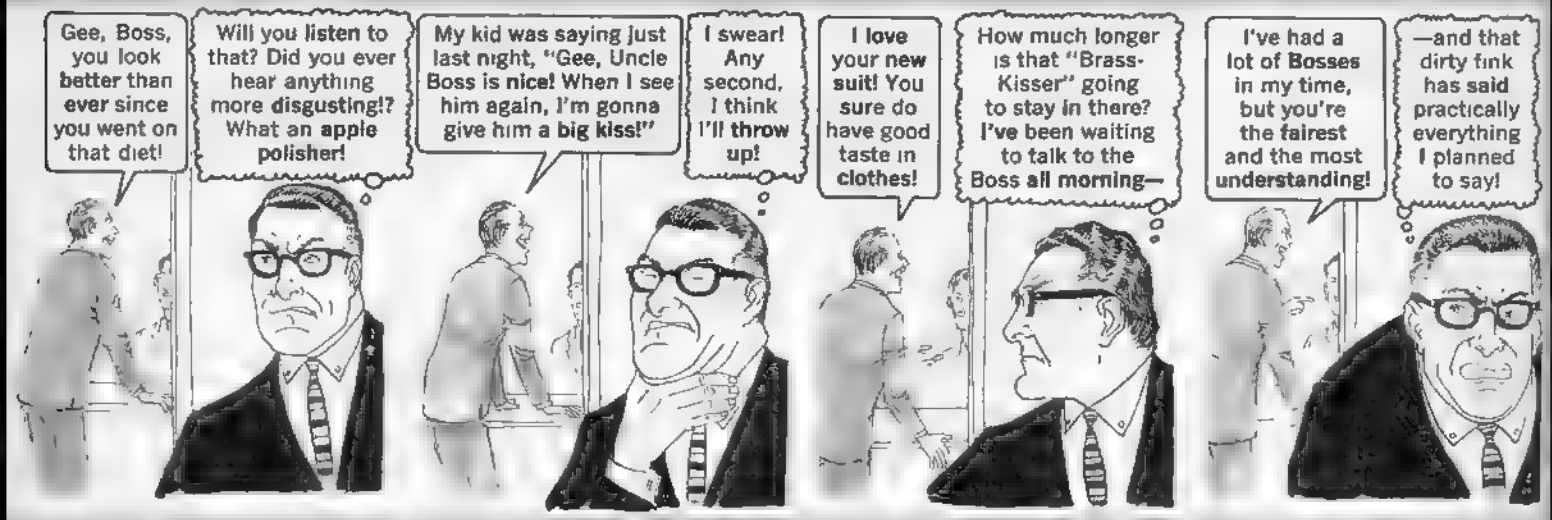
The Ringo Starr

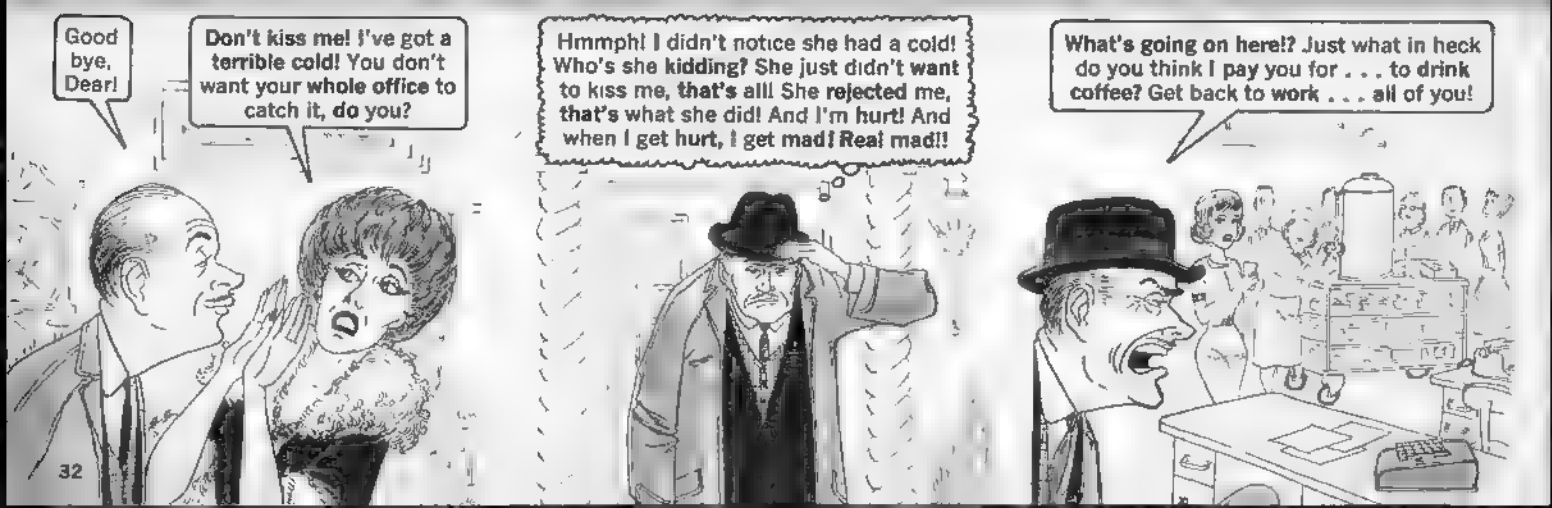
This immensely popular variety is actually a wild plant that has been domesticated. Unlike other types, thrives best when scraggly and undernourished. Caution: Should not be trimmed.

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF







THE BOSS

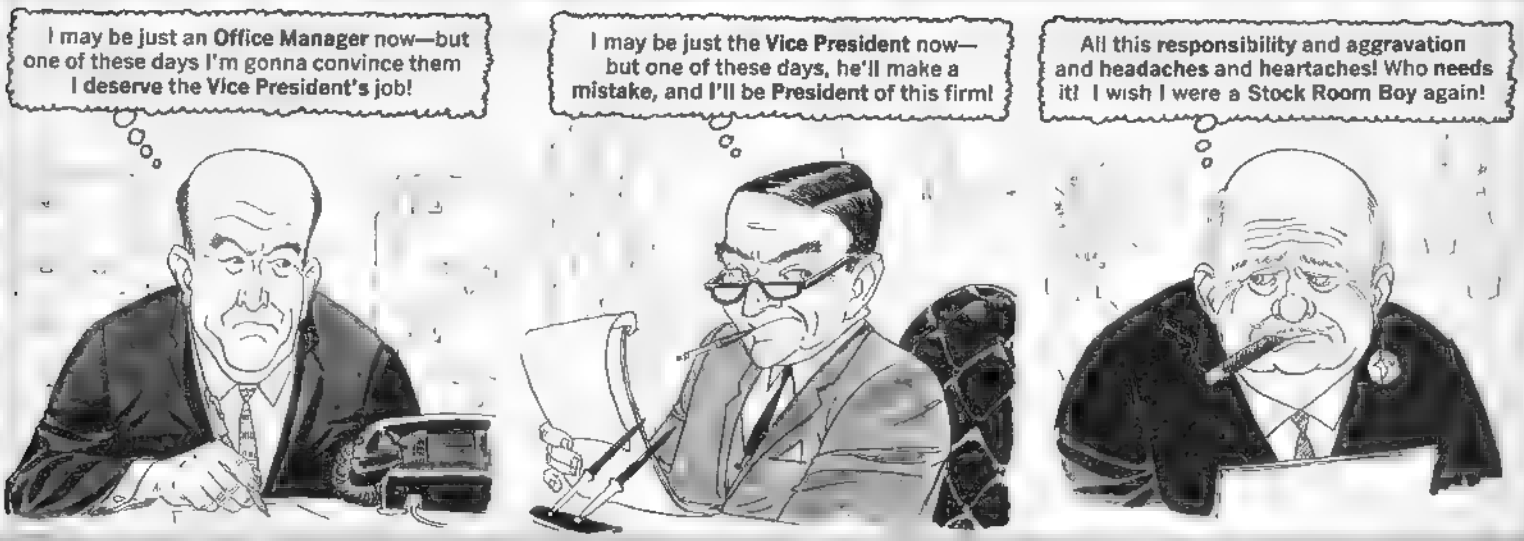
OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER

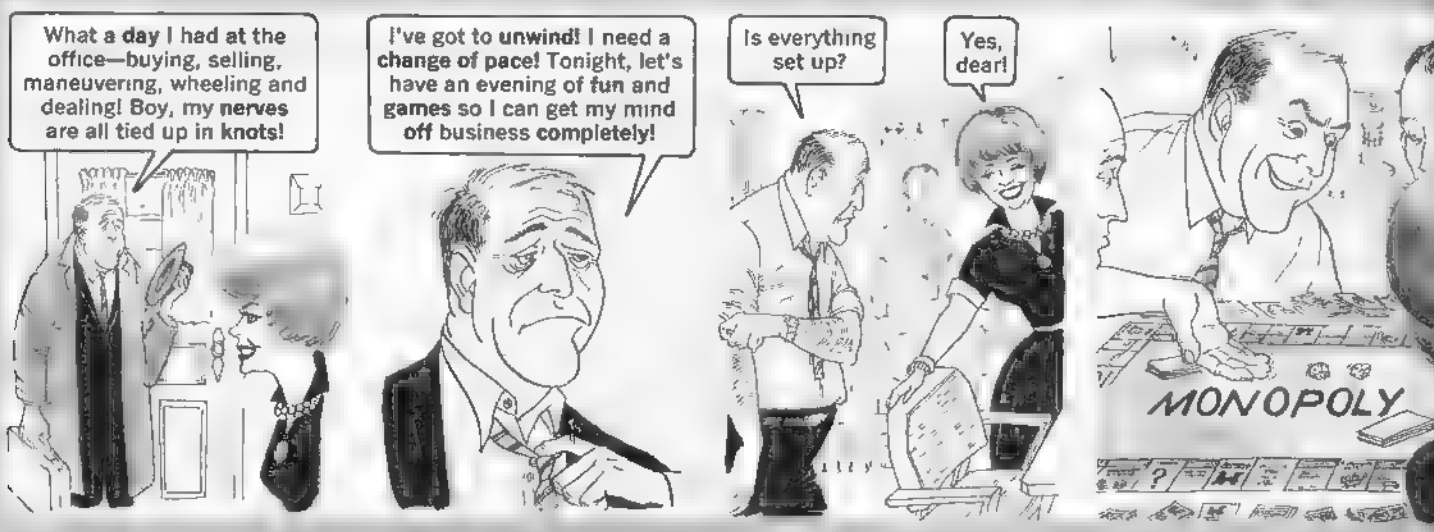
MEMO TO:

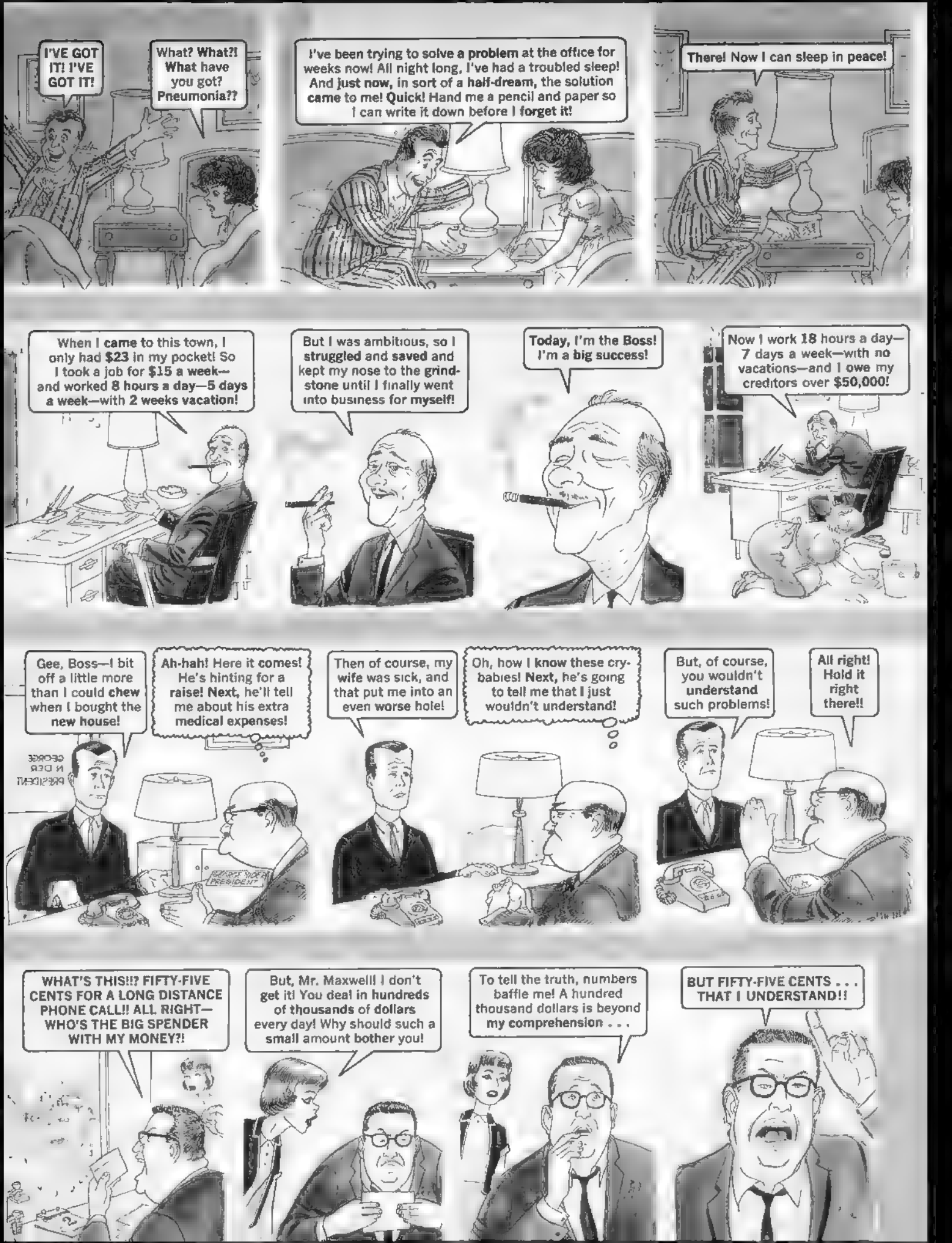
The Editor--

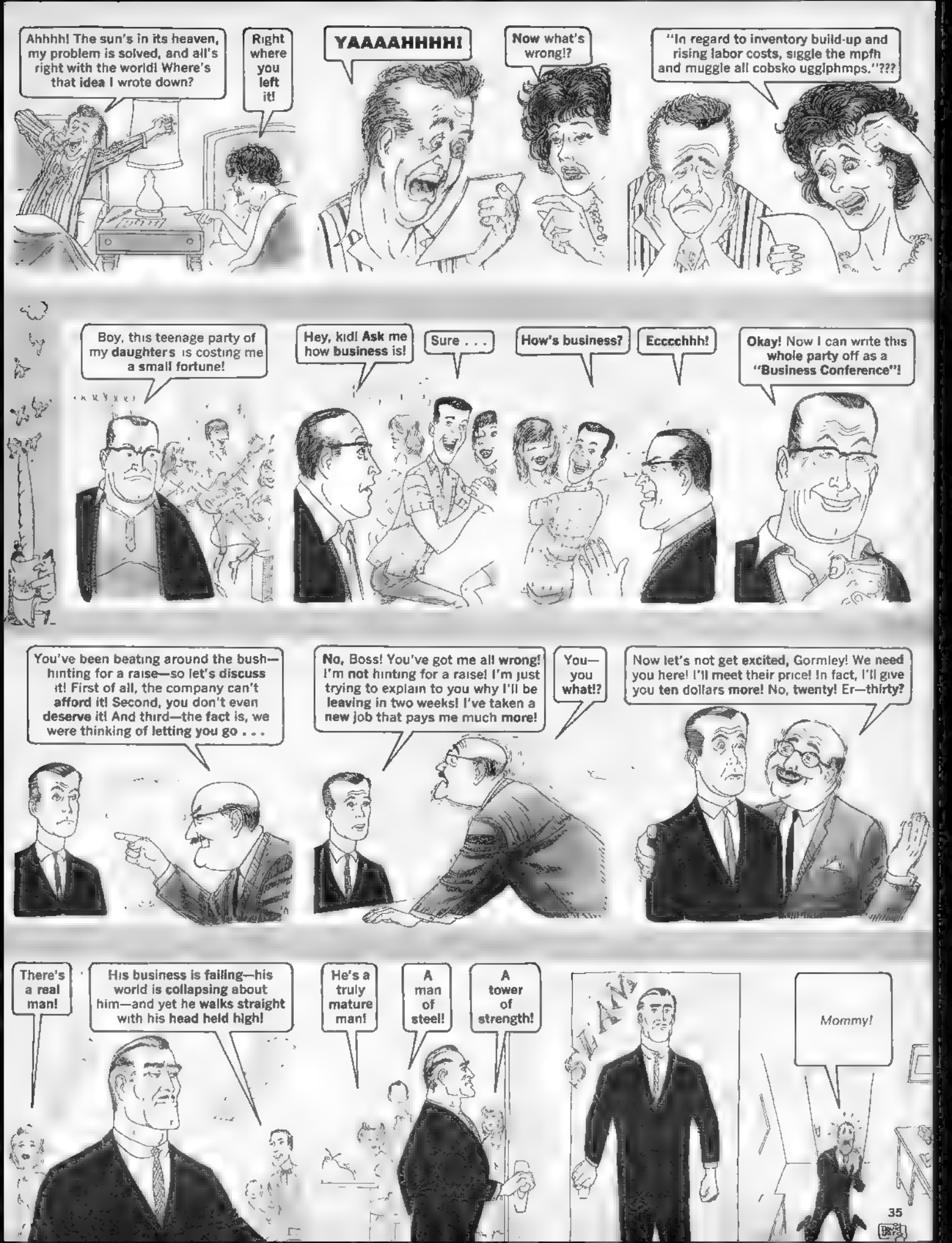
Just saw this article.
Fire Dave Berg!

Bill Gaines






I'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT IT!
What? What?! What have you got? Pneumonia??
I've been trying to solve a problem at the office for weeks now! All night long, I've had a troubled sleep! And just now, in sort of a half-dream, the solution came to me! Quick! Hand me a pencil and paper so I can write it down before I forget it!
There! Now I can sleep in peace!
When I came to this town, I only had $23 in my pocket! So I took a job for $15 a week—and worked 8 hours a day—5 days a week—with 2 weeks vacation!
But I was ambitious, so I struggled and saved and kept my nose to the grindstone until I finally went into business for myself!
Today, I'm the Boss! I'm a big success!
Now I work 18 hours a day—7 days a week—with no vacations—and I owe my creditors over $50,000!
Gee, Boss—I bit off a little more than I could chew when I bought the new house!
Ah-hah! Here it comes! He's hinting for a raise! Next, he'll tell me about his extra medical expenses!
Then of course, my wife was sick, and that put me into an even worse hole!
Oh, how I know these cry-babies! Next, he's going to tell me that I just wouldn't understand!
But, of course, you wouldn't understand such problems!
All right! Hold it right there!!
WHAT'S THIS!!? FIFTY-FIVE CENTS FOR A LONG DISTANCE PHONE CALL!! ALL RIGHT—WHO'S THE BIG SPENDER WITH MY MONEY?!
But, Mr. Maxwell! I don't get it! You deal in hundreds of thousands of dollars every day! Why should such a small amount bother you!
To tell the truth, numbers baffle me! A hundred thousand dollars is beyond my comprehension . . .
BUT FIFTY-FIVE CENTS . . . THAT I UNDERSTAND!!


Ahhhh! The sun's in its heaven, my problem is solved, and all's right with the world! Where's that idea I wrote down?
Right where you left it!
YAAAAHHHH!
Now what's wrong!?
"In regard to inventory build-up and rising labor costs, siggle the mpfh and muggle all cobsko uggiphmps."???
Boy, this teenage party of my daughter's is costing me a small fortune!
Hey, kid! Ask me how business is!
Sure . . .
How's business?
Eccchhh!
Okay! Now I can write this whole party off as a "Business Conference"!
You've been beating around the bush—hinting for a raise—so let's discuss it! First of all, the company can't afford it! Second, you don't even deserve it! And third—the fact is, we were thinking of letting you go . . .
No, Boss! You've got me all wrong! I'm not hinting for a raise! I'm just trying to explain to you why I'll be leaving in two weeks! I've taken a new job that pays me much more!
You—you what!?
Now let's not get excited, Gormley! We need you here! I'll meet their price! In fact, I'll give you ten dollars more! No, twenty! Er—thirty?
There's a real man!
His business is failing—his world is collapsing about him—and yet he walks straight with his head held high!
He's a truly mature man!
A man of steel!
A tower of strength!
STAND
Mommy!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

IN INJUN TERRITORY

OUT, DAMNED SPOT! DEPT.

Some time back (MAD #81), we published "The MAD Plan For Beating TV Commercial Breaks" which offered suggestions and methods for effectively, productively and enjoyably filling the valuable time taken up by idiotic TV ads. Now, MAD offers the following article for those lazy slobs who just cannot bring themselves to leave their TV set for something constructive . . . who just sit there, enduring the pain of those ridiculous commercials. For you, MAD has created these

TV-COMMERCIAL AIDS

OR, HOW TO LIVE WITH TELEVISION COMMERCIALS— AND STILL NOT GO OUT OF YOUR EVER-LOVIN' MIND

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

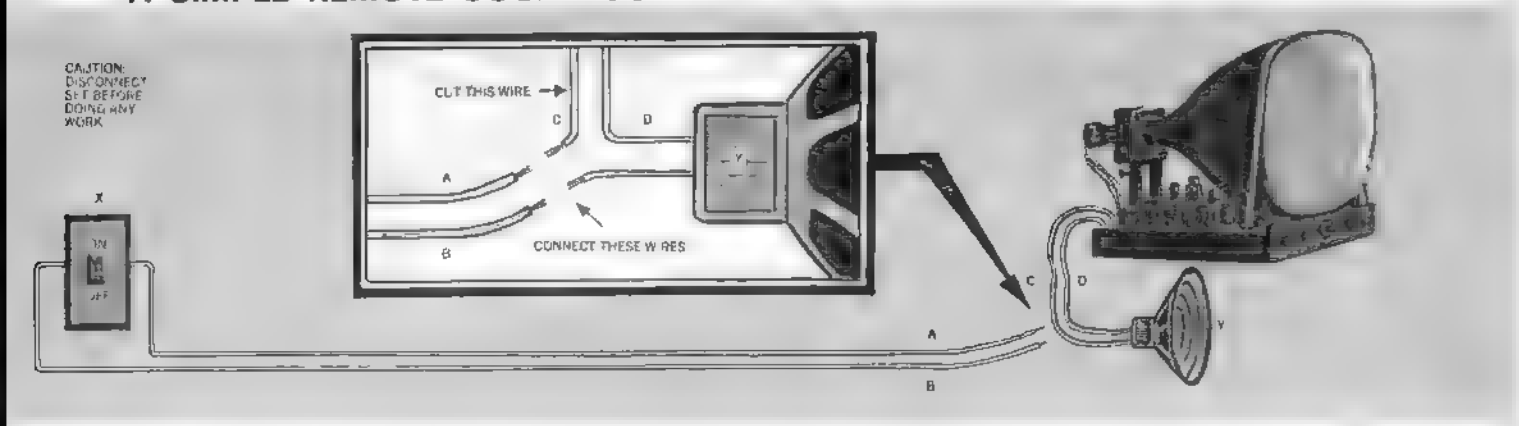
Aside from appealing to the moronic, the neurotic and the just-plain-sick, there's another irritating aspect to all TV commercials. This is especially apparent during late evening hours when the typical TV viewer is straining to catch the sound that has been purposely tuned very low so as not to disturb sleeping children or crabby neighbors.

Suddenly, the commercial comes on like a 21-gun salute—and the viewer must make a mad dash to the set in order to turn down the volume. Then he's got to stand there for three or four minutes while five or six commercials are run off and the program resumes. Only then can he dare to turn the volume up again and return wearily to his seat.

Some lucky set owners have remote control units that can turn sound down from across the room. But vast majority of viewers do not own them, and must run back and forth 20 or 30 times an hour to control commercial nuisance.

Many ingenious TV viewers, when they can no longer stand it, have spontaneously created a primitive form of remote control like the one shown above. Unfortunately, this has its limitations since it can only be used once an evening.

A SIMPLE REMOTE SOUND-CONTROL DEVICE THAT ANYONE CAN MAKE

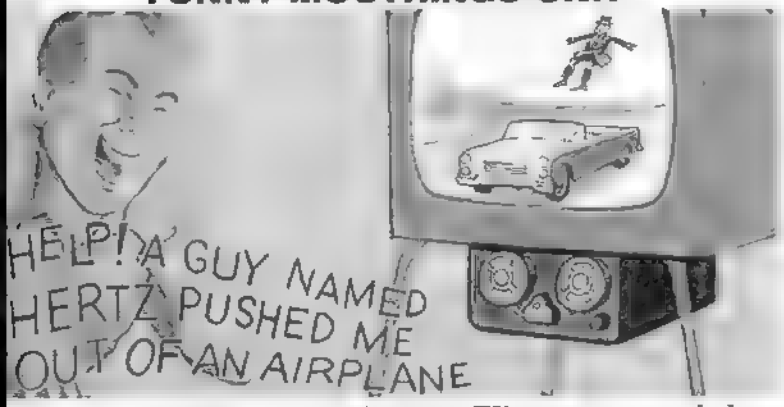


This is a simple Remote Control unit which any idiot can assemble and install, so ask an idiot to help you. Wires **A** and **B** lead from ordinary "On-Off" switch **X** (purchased at any hardware store) to TV set speaker **Y**. Note that TV speaker has two wires **C** and **D** which come from TV chassis. Cut one of these and connect ends of **A** and **B** to cut ends of speaker wire as shown in close-up drawing. Tape bare splices, and your Remote Control is ready for operation.

ADDITIONAL COMPONENTS THAT COULD MAKE

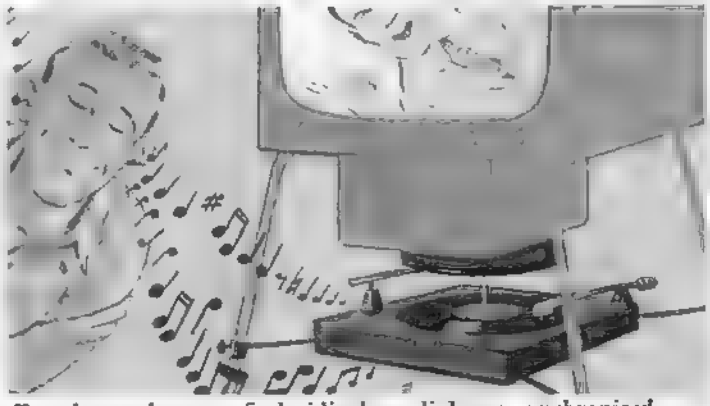
For the really dedicated TV-Commercial hater, the simple Remote Control "Sound-Off" Unit may not be enough. So here are more sophisticated approaches to the problem. These can be assembled and instal-

FUNNY MOUTHINGS UNIT



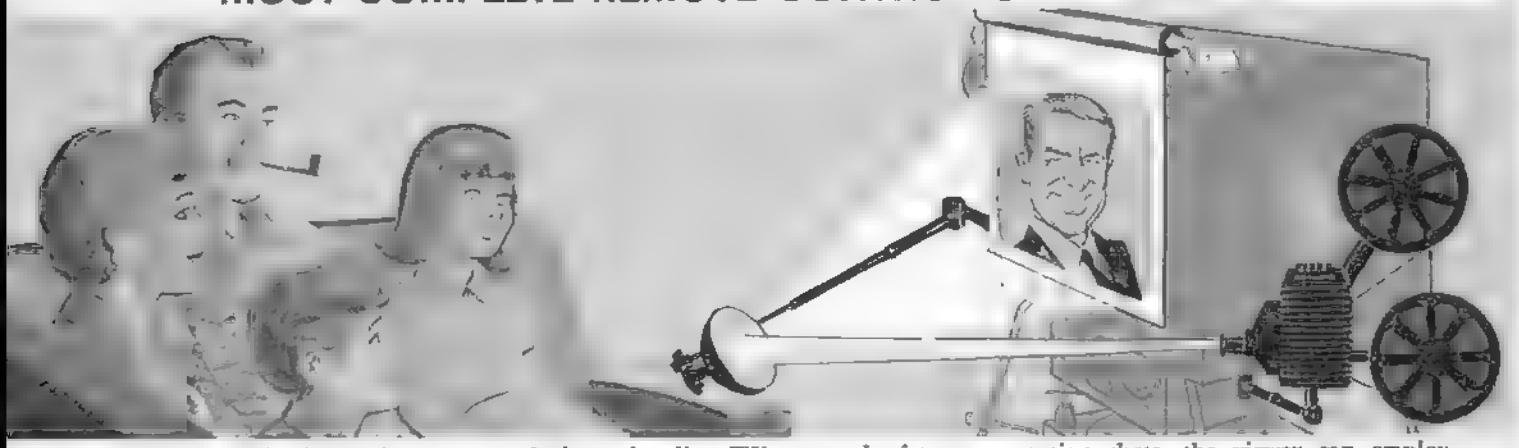
For many, a silent picture on TV may seem out of place, so this light-hearted device can be fun. It consists of pre-taped hilarious dialogue which replaces the words of the commercial announcer when his sound is knocked off, and makes his pitch even more idiotic than it actually is.

MUSICAL INTERLUDE UNIT



For those who may find ridiculous dialogue synchronized with a TV-commercial equally boring, this simple unit can be employed. It consists of recorded musical selections which start playing automatically when sound is knocked off. You listen to soothing melody while announcer mimes.

MOST COMPLETE REMOTE CONTROL UNIT POSSIBLE



Since a still picture is a poor substitute for live TV, this all-in-one unit will solve every problem. A motion picture projector unit is coupled with all the others to go on when sound is knocked off. Along with pre-selected travel pictures or action shots, the viewer can employ funny mouthings, or musical accompaniment or combination of both. In fact, when TV programs themselves are bad, it provides good uninterrupted feature-length entertainment.

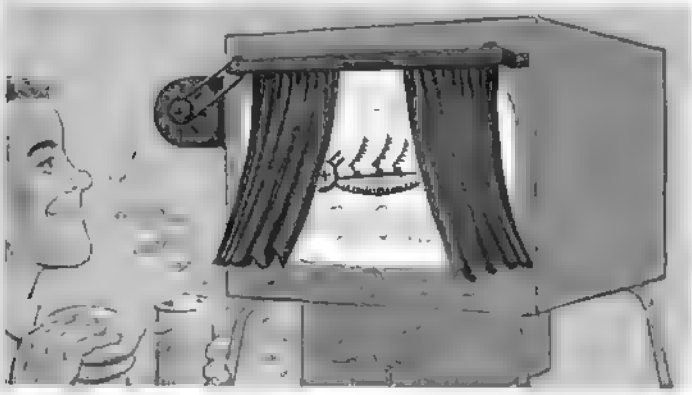
VIEWER ENJOYING HOMEMADE "TV-COMMERCIAL SOUND-OFF" DEVICE

Imagine! Now—with this simple Remote Control Unit—just a flick of your finger and you've knocked off the sound and rendered ineffective an offensive TV commercial! And what fun it is, when you realize that you're destroying a commercial that cost a sponsor maybe $50,000 or more to produce with a switch that cost you maybe 50¢ to produce!

TELEVISION VIEWING ALMOST WORTHWHILE

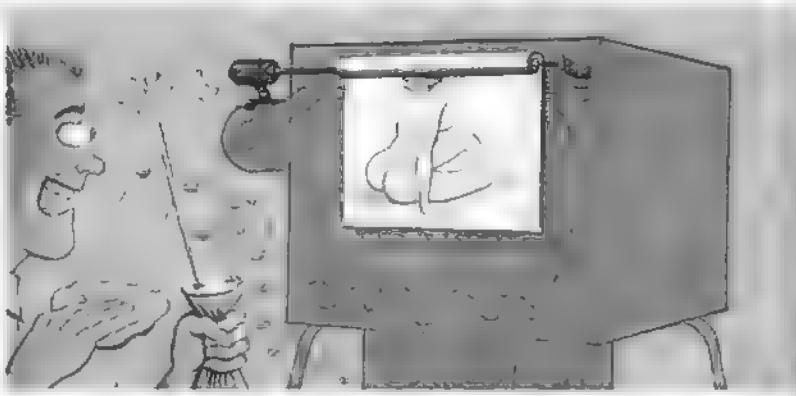
led in one or more units, depending upon how much time and money one wants to waste on this silly business. Just look how much of it has been spent already just to bring you this ridiculous article.

DRAW CURTAIN UNIT



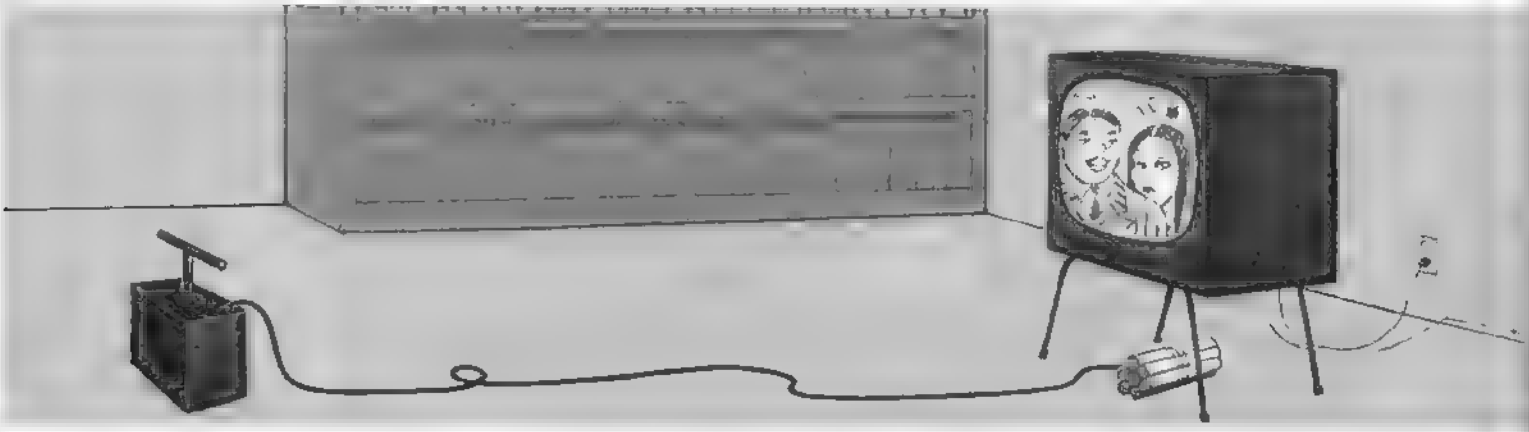
This component is designed for those viewers who prefer not to have their musical interludes marred by repugnant pictures. It automatically closes curtain over TV screen when music comes on, eliminating disgusting views of bad breath, gassy stomachs, etc., so viewer can eat a snack.

STILL PICTURE UNIT



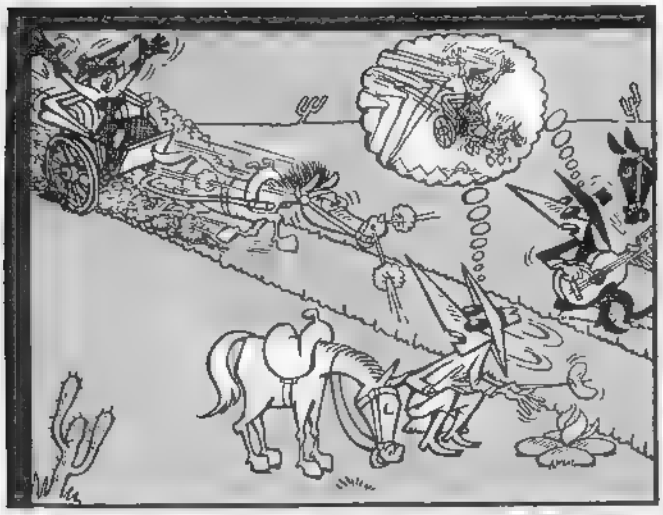
For those viewers who would not be satisfied to stare at a blank curtain while listening to a musical interlude, this component can be added. It automatically unrolls a full-color photo that is both pleasant and inspirational to look at while listening to music and eating a snack.

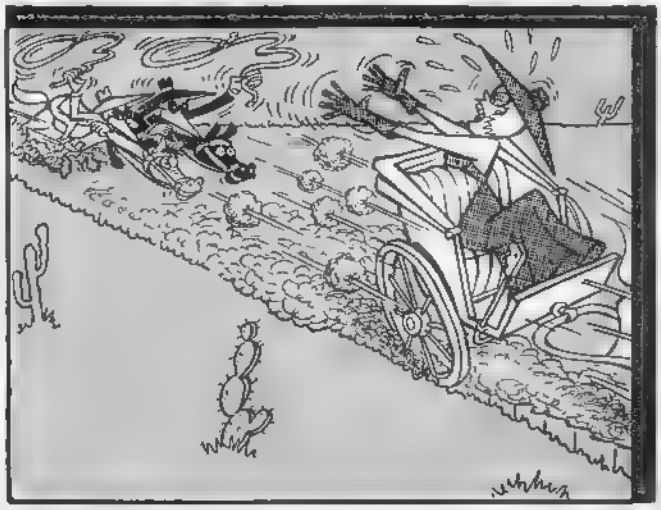
MOST EFFECTIVE REMOTE CONTROL UNIT POSSIBLE



However, after carefully checking out this season's TV offerings, we've come to the conclusion that the programs are just as irritating as the commercials, and that this is the best remote control unit you can use. Now, instead of exposing yourself to television brain-rot, your mind can be elevated and nurtured by more worthwhile pursuits. Like reading, f'rinstance. And we're not talking about reading this rag, you clod! Try something constructive!

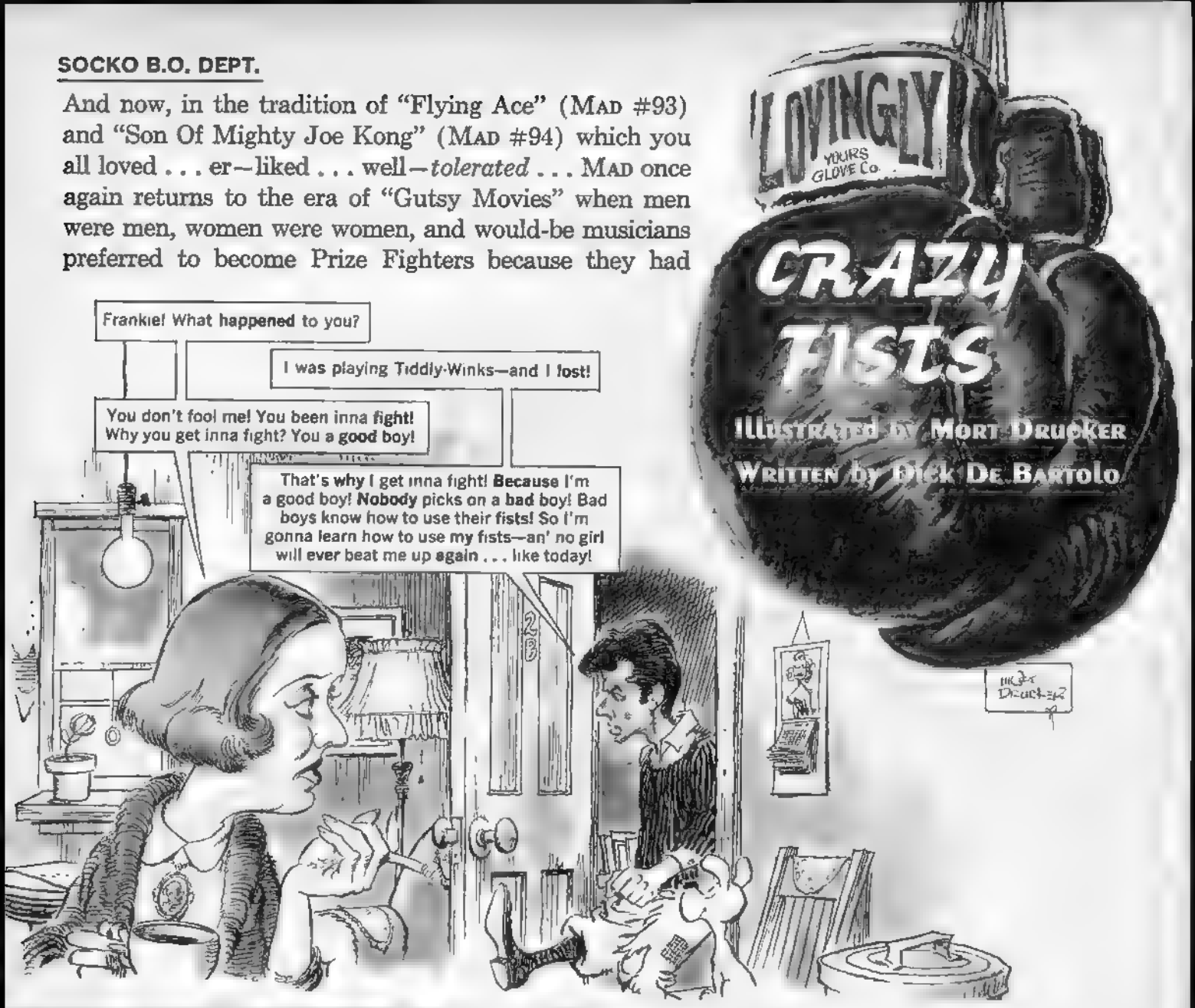
GO
GO
GO
GO
SPY
VS
SPY
VS
SPY

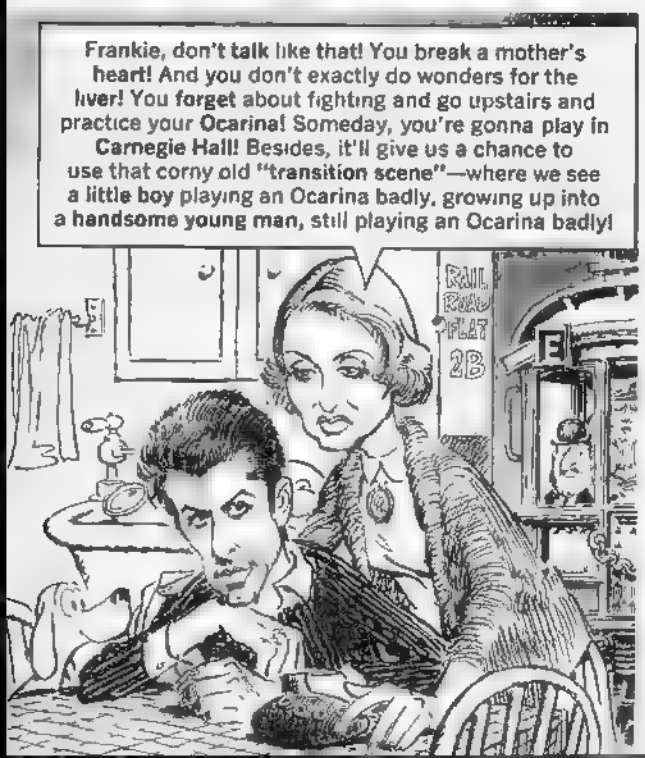




SOCKO B.O. DEPT.

And now, in the tradition of "Flying Ace" (MAD #93) and "Son Of Mighty Joe Kong" (MAD #94) which you all loved . . . er—liked . . . well—*tolerated* . . . MAD once again returns to the era of "Gutsy Movies" when men were men, women were women, and would-be musicians preferred to become Prize Fighters because they had



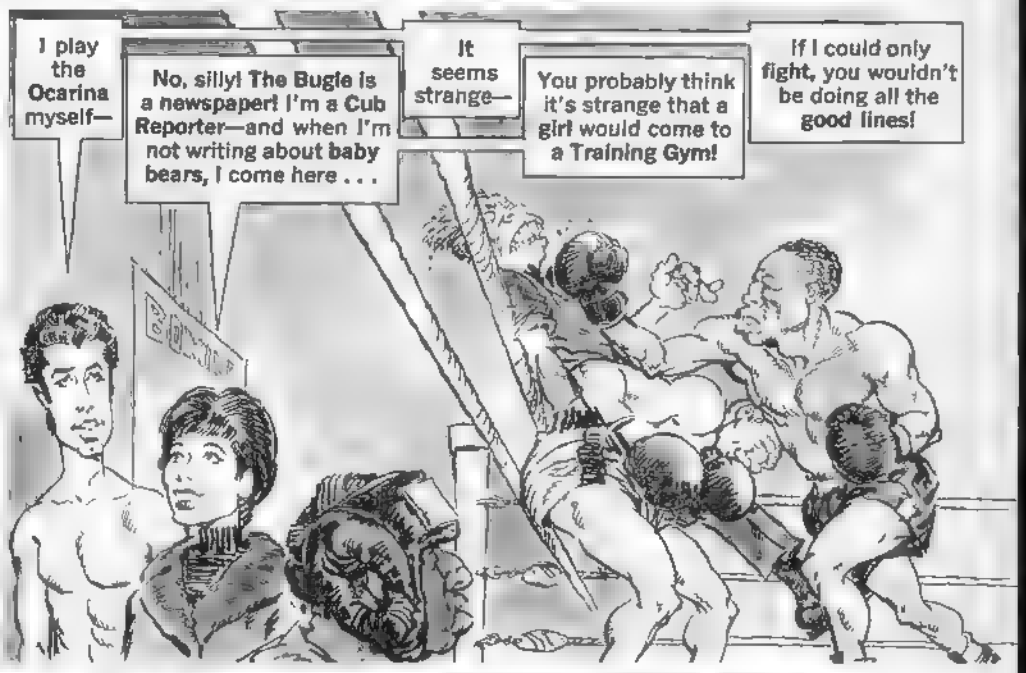


Ahh, that's better! Hey, Ma! Look what a handsome guy I grew up into while playing my Ocarina!
Oh, these "Special Effects" guys can do anything! Would you believe it—I'm really Tab Hunter!? But, NOW where are you going, Frankie?
It's no use, Ma! I've made up my mind! The Ocarina isn't for me! I've gotta learn how to fight! I got CRAZY FISTS! I know it doesn't make any sense, but it's the title of this farce! I'm leavin', Ma! I'm goin' to the Gym . . . !
No, you're NOT, Frankie!
No son of mine is gonna learn to be a stumble-bumble fighter—always hitting people . . .
. . . and punching people! And knocking people down! How do you think I'd feel knowing my son is beating up people?
How do you think I feel!? First a girl beats me up, and now an old lady beats me up! I'm goin' to the Gym, Mom—and you can't stop me!
Why should I stop you? If I stopped you, the picture would end right here!
Hello, kid! The fellers in the neighborhood give you a going-over?
No—this my mother did!
It's about time you learned to defend yourself, kid! But it'll take money!
I got money! I . . . I hocked my Ocarina!
Okay, let's see where we stand! Put on these gloves and spar a couple of rounds with Bruiser Cowalsky over there . . . !
Gus—why are you letting a kid like that go up against the Bruiser?
Because it'll give me a chance to deliver all them clichés about the Fight Game being tough at first—and an uphill battle—and a road paved with hard knocks!
GARDEN
BEN

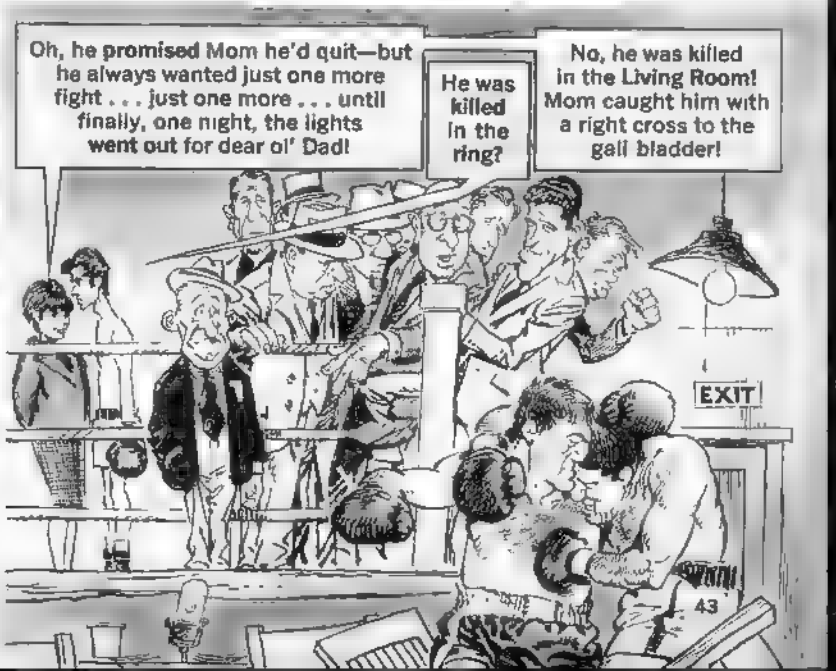
Here . . . let me help you, kid!
No, please! I don't like anyone to see me when I'm down!
Down!? You crazy kid! Do you know what it took to go up against Bruiser Cowalsky? It took guts! Guts and STUPIDITY!
FIRST AID

Look at these hands! These aren't the hands of a fighter! They're soft and warm . . . !
Those aren't my hands! Those are my gloves! These are my hands!
And you're honest, too! That's another thing you don't see in the Fight Game! What's your name, kid?
Frankie! Frankie Marselli!
Gee, I'm Irish, too! Mona Schwartz!
What's a nice girl—

You're probably wondering what a nice girl like me is doing in a place like this!
Hey—I wanted to say that line!
I know! Anyway—I'm with The Bugle!
ALICE
ALICE


I play the Ocarina myself—
No, silly! The Bugle is a newspaper! I'm a Cub Reporter—and when I'm not writing about baby bears, I come here . . .
It seems strange—
You probably think it's strange that a girl would come to a Training Gym!
If I could only fight, you wouldn't be doing all the good lines!

My father was a fighter! You have no idea what it was like—night after night—listening to the audience screaming for blood—the dull sound of leather hitting flesh—the crunching of bones . . . These were the best years of my life! But my mother hated it!
Then why didn't your father . . .
You're probably wondering why my father didn't quit!
Aw—c'mon, already!


Oh, he promised Mom he'd quit—but he always wanted just one more fight . . . just one more . . . until finally, one night, the lights went out for dear ol' Dad!
He was killed in the ring?
No, he was killed in the Living Room! Mom caught him with a right cross to the gall bladder!
EXIT

But now—let's talk about you!

It's about time!

Get out of the Fight Game—before it's too late, Frankie!

But I've only been in it for twenty minutes!

Don't let the fight game—with all of its corruption and gambling and crime and athlete's foot claim another victim, Frankie . . .

It's no use, Mona! I'm going through with it and no one can stop me!

Why should we stop you? If we stopped you, we wouldn't get to see those typical scenes of the "Young Fighter In Training"—

THE ARENA

KID GALAHAD

WUMP!

That's what you get for showing off in those last four panels!

Hey, kid! C'mere!

Careful, Frankie! That's Blackie Finster—head of the Underworld Prize Fight Syndicate . . .

I jus' seen you fight, kid! You got talent! I wanna buy a piece of you!

Which piece do you want? I can let you have a ruptured spleen cheap? How about a crushed pancreas? A busted nose? A cauliflower ear . . . ?

Cut out the clowning, kid! I'm offering you a fortune!

Don't do it, son! Don't break a mother's heart!

And your Mother will get $1000 a week while you're under contract to me!

Do you think you can mend a broken heart with $1000 a week? Why it wouldn't even begin to mend for less than $1500 . . . !

Okay! It's a deal! $1500 a week!

It's a deal on one condition, Mr. Finster!

You name it, kid!

Now we show the typical montage sequence of me fighting my way up to a crack at the title!

SPORTS EXTRA

The Daily Bugle

SPORTS EXTRA

FRANKIE "THE KID" KAYOS TONY BRUTI IN THIRD ROUND!

. . . Los Angeles, 12—Mets, 2! And here's a flash! Frankie "The Kid" has just knocked out Lew Eskin in the second round!

EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT! FRANKIE "THE KID" FLATTENS ROCKY MOZZARELLA IN THE FIRST ROUND! GREEN HORNET STILL AT LARGE . . .

. . . and in the shortest bout in ring history, Frankie "The Kid" has KO'd Red Muggendorf during the Referee's instructions . . .

Well, kid—as the scene above shows, you've come a long way! And now you're ready for the BIG ONE!

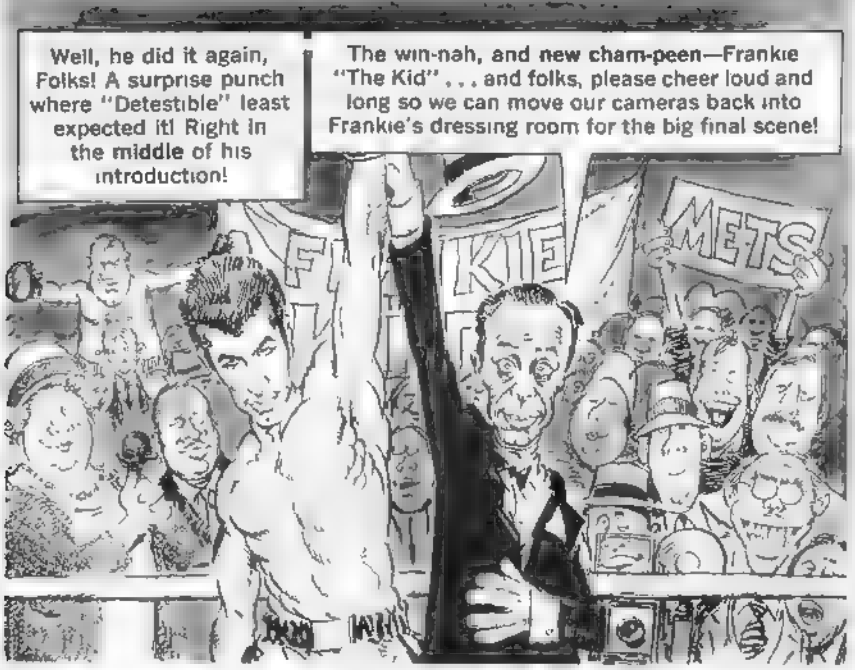
I get to hit Mona for taking all the good lines?

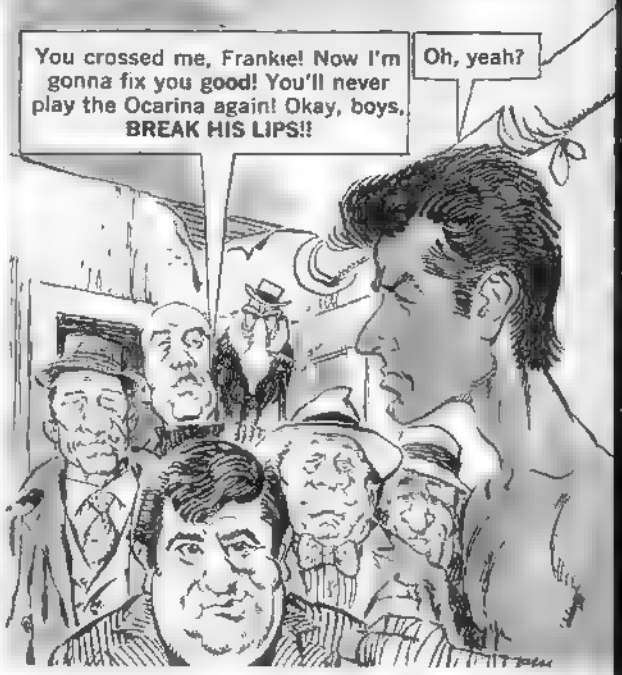
Forget Mona! You're gonna fight the Champion—"Detestable" Dickens!

Great! I'll finish Dickens the fastest yet! I won't even wait for the "Weighing-In Ceremony"! Let's go over to his house right now! I'll show 'im . . . !

Control yourself, kid! This fight is gonna be different! This fight you LOSE!!

Me!? LOSE? That's RIDICULOUS!
Me and the boys have six hundred grand bet on the fight—and it says you're gonna lose!
Just one minute, Finster! I've lied and cheated for you! I've beaten up innocent people for you! I've signed phony contracts for you! I've even paid my Mom her $1500 in your syndicate's counterfeit money for you!
But . . . losing a fight on purpose? That's dishonest!
Don't cross me, Frankie! You lose that fight—OR ELSE! So long, kid!
I couldn't help overhearing the conversation, Frankie! I was standing outside with my ear to the keyhole . . .
What am I gonna do, Mona?
Could you ever look at yourself in a mirror again if you threw that fight, kid?
Gee, no!
Then you'll either have to play it fair . . . or stop shaving!
Think it over as we fade out and into the big Ringside scene!
JUST GET ME A REMATCH AND I'LL SLAUGHTER YA!
I KEEP TELLIN' YA YOU'RE NOT TRAIN'N ENOUGH!
And in this corner . . . the up-and-coming contender who has pulled so many surprises in the fight ring: Frankie "The Kid" Marselli!!
And in this corner . . . the current champ—OOPS!


Well, he did it again, Folks! A surprise punch where "Detestible" least expected it! Right in the middle of his introduction!
The win-nah, and new cham-peen—Frankie "The Kid" . . . and folks, please cheer loud and long so we can move our cameras back into Frankie's dressing room for the big final scene!
METS


You crossed me, Frankie! Now I'm gonna fix you good! You'll never play the Ocarina again! Okay, boys, BREAK HIS LIPS!!
Oh, yeah?

I'll help you, Frankie!
And I'll help you too, Frankie! You know how I can't stand fighting! If God wanted man to fight, he would have given him clubs instead of hands . . . !

Mamma . . . Mona . . . I've had enough! I'm quitting the Fight Game!
That's music to my ears, son . . . and speaking of music—
My old Ocarina! Gee, thanks, Ma! And Mona—I was wondering . . .

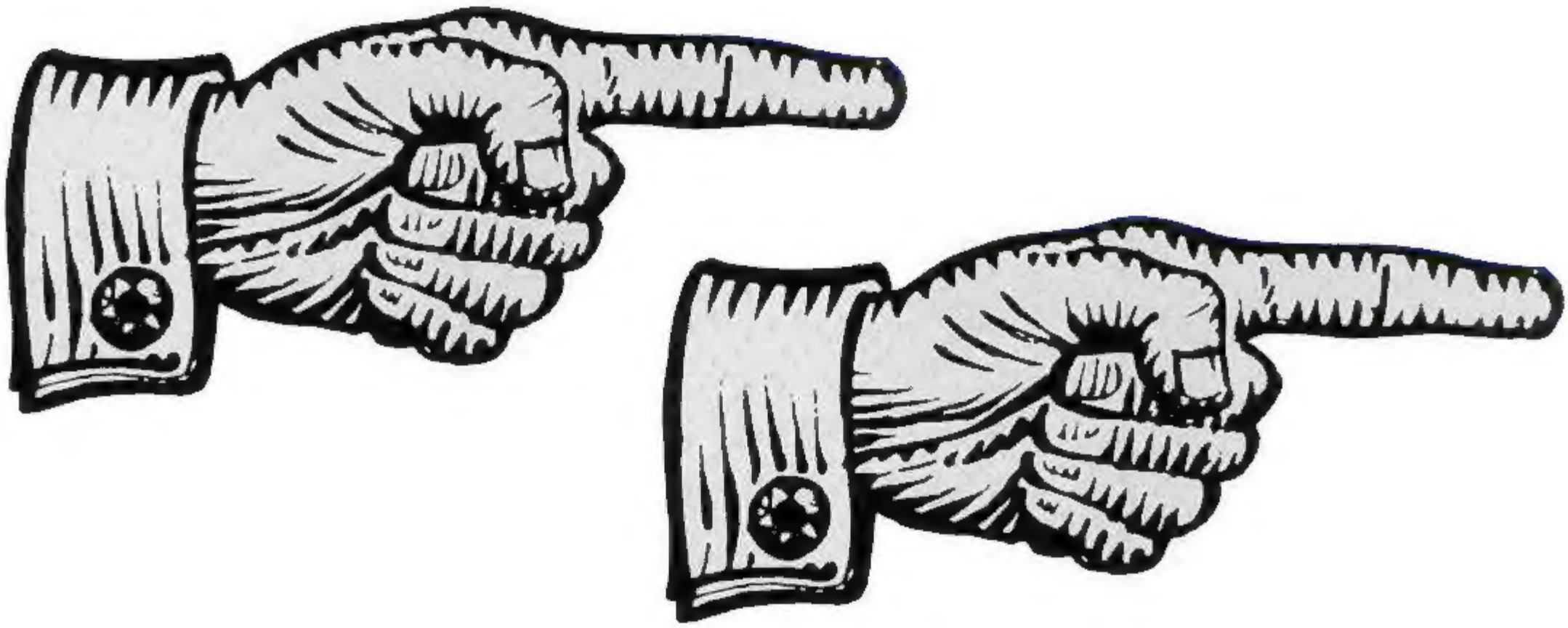
You're probably wondering about asking me to marry you!
Yes, but first—

My son, the Ocarina Player!!

THE INDIGNANT HUSBAND

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WE TAKE A STAND ON THE EXTREME RIGHT WITH THIS

MAD FOLD-IN

Super-Patriotic Groups throughout our land are warning us that America is doomed unless we take drastic measures to preserve our freedom now—before it is too late. If you fold in the page as shown (right), you will discover . . .

THE HARVEST WE SHALL REAP FROM THE SUPER-PATRIOTS' METHODS OF EXPOSING "COMMUNIST PLOTTERS" IN AMERICA

A→ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ←B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

PATRIOTIC EXTREMISM IS NO SIN

CONGRESS IS FULL OF COMMIES

DOWN WITH MENTAL HEALTH

PSYCHIATRY IS A COMMUNIST PLOT

150% AMERICANS UNITE

BRING BACK THE GOOD OLD DAYS

IMPEACH THE SUPREME COURT

Jaffee

THE SUPER-PATRIOTS SEE "COMMUNISM" AS AN EVIL DANGEROUS TREND OF LIBERAL THINKERS AND BLEEDING HEARTS. THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY AS WE KNOW IS A GROUP OF "100% AMERICANS", TRYING TO DO THEIR BIT!

Artist and Writer:
AL JAFFEE

A→ ←B

WE TAKE A ST

MA

Super-Patriotic
that America is
preserve our
fold in the pa

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

THE HARVER-PATRIOTS' METHODS (" IN AMERICA

A→ ←B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

THE END
OF LIBERTY AS WE
KNOW IT!

A→ ←B

Artist and Writer:
AL JAFFEE

Let's

Kill off

RIDICULOUS AD CAMPAIGNS

Before Our Minds Go SNAP! CRACKLE & OOM-PAH-POP!

If you advertisers have to blow your own horns, why tie your products to unrelated activities? Mainly, what's eating a Breakfast Cereal got to do with playing a musical instrument. Boy . . . we just can't swallow that!

"Nuts to you each morning"

Photography by IRVING "KRISPY" SCHILD